

# *Folk Poems and Ballads*

*- An Anthology -*

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# **Folk Poems And Ballads**

**- An Anthology -**

**BY**

***The Author Of***

***The Limerick, A Facet of Our Culture***

A collection of rare verses and amusing folk songs compiled from scarce and suppressed books as well as from verbal sources which modern prudery, false social customs, and intolerance have separated from the public and historical record.

**With Commentary, Notes, and Sources**

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## **Notice of Limited Edition**

**FOLK POEMS AND BALLADS - AN ANTHOLOGY -**  
has been printed for a small number of Experts and Specialists, Scholars, Psychiatrists, Sociologists, and Anthropologists.

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**This is Number \_\_\_\_\_.**

**“WHEN MORALITY TRIUMPHS,  
NASTY THINGS HAPPEN.”**

**(Remy de Gourmont)**

**The False Morailty of the Age of Heresy Prøduced the Inquisition, and the Renaissance Resulted. The False Morality of the Age of Faith Produced the Witch Mania, and the Industrial Revolution Resulted. The False Morality of the Twentieth Century Produced Sex Censorship, and this Book is therefore Dedicated to**

**THE NEXT AGE OF MAN**

**and to his Eventual Freedom from False Myths, Obscure Symbolism, Incredible Superstitions, and Especially from the Intolerable Burden of False Social Customs now Sponsored by THE LAW.**

## INTRODUCTION

The great poems, ballads and folk songs of this anthology show a broad topical similarity to the limerick. And yet they differ in many ways from that estimable verse form which I treated at length in *THE LIMERICK, A FACET OF OUR CULTURE* (The Cruciform Press, Mexico City, 1944.)

The limerick manifests itself in a consistently more narrow and disciplined pattern, and has a relatively brief history, which, while nebulous, can still be dimly traced. These present verses exist now only as an apparent excrudescence of the literature of all ages, although it was not till the 18th century that bowdlerization segregated them from the other works of great poets, and relegated them to hidden shelves. Limericks are universally anonymous, whereas the authors of at least some of these poems are still known. Limericks follow a more or less rigid poetic discipline, while these verses know few if any such strictly formal rhythms and rimes. The limerick exists today essentially as a manifestation of popular wit. These verses live almost wholly in forbidden books and in typescripts which latter achieve a remarkably wide distribution in modern society. And a few folk songs like "Christopher Columbo" survive only in the memories of modern troubadours.

There is nothing debauched, aphrodisiacal, or degenerate in the conception or transmission of these poems among our people. No aura of evil hangs over them. In an honest and healthy society they would exist NOT apart from, but as an integral and balanced segment of the literature, just as sex is an integral and balanced part of a normal person's life. But when evil, cruel, thwarted, and selfish people whom happiness eludes take it upon themselves (and invariably for some kind of personal profit) to legislate the taste of others, then these poems are sought out from the rest of the literature, segregated, and forbidden to some while they become the exclusive property of others.

This process now going on in America is exemplified in accelerated form by Hitler's seizure and destruction of Edward Fuchs' plates for his magnificent books, while all existing copies were reprieved for the exclusive use of himself and company. (ILLUSTRIERTE SITTENGESCHICHTE VOM MITTELALTER BIS ZUR GEGENWART, 6 vols, 1909-1912; GESCHICHTE DER EROTISCHEN KUNST, 2 vols, 1908-1923; etc. by Edward Fuchs, Albert Langen, Munchen.)

Since all this now hidden poetry is immortal, it has always enjoyed a clandestine existence of unparalleled vigour which has not only compensated for its suppression, but has given it a wholly false and exaggerated accent. These poems do not belong in an anthology by themselves, for they are truly part and parcel of our great poetry.

The Puritans and other intolerants by their processes of expurgation have succeeded in concentrating the basic human matters treated here to the point of virulence, thus making their complete suppression as impossible, as it is unnecessary. Only by ignoring things like excretions and copulation can their effect on our literature and our mores be diluted, and restored to the true proportion normally found in the lives of every kind and tolerant individual.

It would probably be impossible to produce a truly definitive anthology of folk poems, ballads and, songs. This one has taken over twenty years to compile. I have not sought out these poems. They came to me as part of life's experience in normal and friendly social intercourse with mostly fine and inspiring persons.

These verses are in no sense manifestations i.e. effects of abnormalities observed in modern society. They exist in quite a healthy and natural way in spite of all the prudery piled upon them. They are an eternal symbol that mental balance and truth is still found among normal members of our society. They are a static and harmless social foil for intolerance, inhumanity, and false social customs. They symbolize on the normal level legitimate compensations for these cruel and evil forces. It has finally been proven

that false social customs, and NOT the obvious so-called pornography, are the causes which produce the sex maniac in the too-sheltered or psychologically ill. (SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE by Alfred C. Kinsey, W. B. Saunders Pub. Co., 1948, 804 pp.)

There is no real or proved connection between the witty and historical inspiration for a poem like Eugene Field's "Socratic Love" and the mental fire which dissolves the miseducated sex-thwarted criminal and produces in him anti-social behavior. Some prudes and reformers with shallow perceptions insist upon such a connection, and by proposing stupid laws have seriously aggravated the causes of insanity in the modern world. In reality they are merely trying to account for their own ignorance and intolerance and bitterness over the fact that they themselves are not like normal men. That their own frustrations and reactions are a-typical never occurs to our would-be sex censors.

Futhermore most if not all of these poems are witty or funny, and since humor has a completely depressing effect on the erotic sense, one makes himself ridiculous in point of fact by charging them with aphrodisian properties. Under the stimulus of the erotic impulse it is true that our sense of values, our aesthetic sense, undergoes a complete reversal, and we do things otherwise ridiculous. The intelligent social reformer does not seek in these wide-spread folk songs for the causes of this change which so mysteriously takes place in all of us from time to time. He realizes that the needs of an erection are entirely dissepate forces from those that motivate our people to this poetry. These folk songs, therefore remain pure and harmless except to the self-appointed crusader whose miseducated and often maladjusted mind attributes to everyone else his own unhealthy reactions. Irrefutable proof of this salient point is found in A CHALLENGE TO SEX CENSORS by Theodore Schroeder, (Free Speech League, New York, 1938, 159 pp.) and in TO THE PURE . . . . A STUDY OF OBSCENITY AND THE CENSOR by M. L. Ernst, and W. Seagle, (The Viking Press, New York, 1928, 336 pp.)

A true history of folk verse would long ante-date the bible, which in itself in the original tongues comprised merely a long record of tribal copulations and superstitions, along with an extensive assimilation of previous phallic and solar religions. We are not told today that there are at least nine different gods referred to by the biblical writers, nor that the ark, our altar, represents the vagina and contained a phallus. (SYMBOLISM IN RELATION TO RELIGION, OR CHRISTIANITY: THE SOURCES OF ITS TEACHING AND SYMBOLISM by James Ballantyne Hannay; Kegen Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Ltd. London, n. d.; c. 1912, 394 pp.)

Earlier the church suppressed and altered the holy writ, and exercised the same inconsistent censorship on literature now practised by the state under the manifold disguises of the law. During the middle ages the church's hypocritical jargon hypnotized the so-called civilized world. What resulted? The Dark Ages, ignorance, death, disease, and the Inquisition: historical symbols of the church's heyday! When the Elizabethans began to throw off the clerical yoke, truth began to re-establish itself, and the people began to produce the ancestors of the folk songs found in this book. Life tended to return to the healthy, the sane, the whole, and civilization moved forward toward a scientific understanding of matter, if not of man, dragging the church along with it like a piece of toilet paper clinging to a lady's skirt as she emerges from retirement.

Today we have transferred the cloak of infallibility to the bureaucratic state, and THE LAW now acts in its own purely abstract right to try and remove these verses from the very individuals who begot both the law and the verses! (See THE LAW by Frederic Bastiat, reprinted in the Freeman, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1944, 64 pp.) When the insanity resulting from the attempted enforcement of unnatural moral codes reaches the point where its causes become evident even to the politician's dupes, then we can look for a new kind of renaissance. Man will throw off his false customs — he has always done it — and these poems can be assimilated back into our literature whence intolerance and prudery lifted them.



Intolerant persons have always been able to swallow religious and now legal inconsistencies with no intellectual resistance at all; their tenets, usually based on those of superstitious sun-worshipping villagers who lived in mud huts in the desert 2,000 years ago, have kept the science of man from being developed, have kept our hearts savage and tuned to crucifixions. (See **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS** by Joseph Lewis, Freethought Press Association, New York, 1946, 644 pp.) The Witch Mania which took so many hundreds of thousand of lives is as nothing compared to the blind censorships of today which load our institutions with their victims. (**EXTRAORDINARY POPULAR DELUSIONS AND THE MADNESS OF CROWDS** by Charles McKay (1852) L. C. Page & Co., Boston, 1932, pp. 462-564.)

But some people are never troubled by discrepancies between what they say and how they act, between saying they love their neighbor on Sunday, and then being somehow persuaded to bear false witness against him or even to shoot him on Monday. Such behavior **MUST** trouble and confuse the sane and scientific man, and he will be impelled to seek out the truth wherever it is found, and to pass no judgments on anyone in his endless search for wisdom and peace.

Many people react intolerantly to real social phenomena like these verses. Anyone who is for sanity, for peace, for tolerance is against those blind, unreasoning, a-social forces which have segregated the poems of this anthology from those of any other.

In conclusion, it should be noted that the selfish motivations of the zealot and reformer who would disparage these essential folk poems are very close to those of the dictator and the communist. All their suppressive activities culminate in the production of more or less healthy elements which are necessarily called "subversive" to the misbegotten but always personally profitable legislation such people enact. Like our democracy, which was once merely an underground movement in an English colony, all vital forces in time throw off the yokes of suppression.

To the truly educated mind there can be no doubt that these verses are one of the vital forces in shaping the true dimensions of our modern culture. Indeed I doubt very much if there was ever presented a more public document than this present book, for it shows yet another facet of what concerns the average normal healthy individual. The state in yielding political and religious freedom has been forced to turn its attention to sex censorship as one means of justifying its own continued existence. The extreme currency of these poems among all our people incontrovertibly proves that no amount of legal witch hunting can ever change the real nature of Man.

THE BOOK of EZEKIEL  
(Selections from Chapter XVI)

I have caused you to multiply as the bud of the field, and you have increased and grown great, and come to have fine sexual ornaments: your breasts are plump, and your pubic hair is fluffy where before your mound was bare.

Now when I passed you, and desired to have you, behold you were having your monthlies, and I spread my cloak over and covered your nakedness; and we had intercourse and you became mine.

Then I washed you with water. Thoroughly I washed the blood from your legs and rubbed you with oil.

But you trusted in your own beauty, and became a famous whore, and had intercourse with all comers.

And in all your copulations you forgot the days of your youth before your pubic hair had grown, and your monthlies flowed.

You have copulated with the lusty Egyptians, and taken on more men to make me angry.

You have proven insatiable; you have copulated with the Assyrians, and have not been satisfied.

You have copulated with countless men in Canaan, and still not been satisfied.

To make matters worse, you have not even taken money for your whoring, but have done it for nothing like a wife committing adultery. Even whores know that it is poor business not to charge for their services.

You have been a phallic worshipper, you have danced naked in the church, and transmitted venereal diseases to your children. I will gather all your lovers together, and expose your diseased condition to them.

## THE HOLY FATHER

(By Sir John Harington)

A godly father sitting on a draught,  
To doe as neede, and nature hath us taught,  
Mumbled (as was his maner) certain pray'r's,  
And unto him the diuel straight repayr's;  
And boldly to reuile him he begins,  
Alledging that such praier's are deadly sins,  
And that he shewd he was deuoyd of grace,  
To speak to God, from so un meet a place.  
The reuerent man, though at the first dismaid,  
Yet strong in faith, to Satan thus he said,  
Thou damned spirit wicked, false, and lying  
Dispairing thine owne good, and ours enuying:  
Ech take his due, and me thou canst not hurt,  
To God my pray'r I ment, to thee the durt.  
Pure prayer ascends to him that high doth sit,  
Downe fals the filth, for fiendes of hell more fit.



## (SONNET) I

(Aretino)

Embrace me dearest, one quick mad embrace,  
Since we created were for love and lust,  
And if you revel in the phallic thrust,  
I yearn for yonder mossy dell apace.  
And were debauchery prizeful after death,  
I'd bid the dying make a note of this:  
Give Adam and his Eve a taste of bliss,  
Since love's sweet fire deprived them of Life's breath.  
Yet had these worthies never fallen low,  
By eating of the fruit that was denied,  
Lust still had rioted and raged on earth,  
For beasts and birds were made by nature so,  
But jest no more; stem not my passion's tide;  
Let hot concupiscence spring now to birth.  
And die in sighs that flutter soft and low.  
I pray thee act the wanton bold with me,  
That both my lance and balls may enter thee.

## SONNET XVII

Thou'st seen, I trow, some pictures fine and old  
Of pricks of monstrous size and clefts immense,  
And thou hast noticed that these daggers bold  
Were fitted to their sheaths in every sense.  
Behind-before-and everywhere they strayed,  
While tongues were mingling in a honeyed kiss;  
Of stuff like this are fairy legends made  
That awe, exhale, and emulate to bliss.  
Ah, well I know the pleasures thou didst find  
In gloating o'er these holes and clefts nearby,  
Used in a way toward which we're less inclined.  
And to the nose that sniffs these places nigh  
Come odours that are surely not refined,  
Which make us sneeze and sneeze again, and sigh.  
The lance of love gives forth a perfume dry  
While lasts the act- and if thou hast a doubt,  
Place there thy hand- thou'lt find the odour out.

## STREPHON AND CHLOE

(By Jonathan Swift, ca 1731)

Of Chloe all the town has rung  
By every size of poet sung;  
So beautiful a nymph appears  
But once in every twenty thousand years;  
By nature formed with nicest care,  
And faultless to a single hair.  
Her graceful mien, her shape, her face,  
Confessed her of no mortal race:  
And then so nice, and so genteel;  
Such cleanliness from head to heel:  
No humours gross or frowzy steams,  
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams  
Before, behind, above, below,  
Could from her taintless body flow:  
Would so discreetly things dispose  
None ever saw her pluck a rose.  
Her dearest comrades never caught her  
Squat on her hams to make maid's water:  
You'd swear that so divine a creature  
Felt no necessities of nature.  
In summer had she walked the town,  
Her arm pits would not stain her gown:  
At country dances not a nose  
Could in the dog-days smell her toes.  
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,  
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.  
Her hands the softest ever felt,  
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.  
  
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,  
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.  
While she engrosses every swain,  
You but o'er half the world can reign.

Think what a case all men are now in,  
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!  
What powder'd wigs! What flames and darts!  
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!  
What sword knots! What poetic strains!  
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!

But Strephon sighed so loud and strong,  
He blew a settlement along;  
And bravely drove his rivals down  
With coach and six, and house in town.  
The bashful nymph no more withstands,  
Because her dear papa commands.  
The charming couple now unites:  
Proceed we to the marriage rites.

Imprimis, at the temple porch  
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:  
The smiling Cyprian Goddess brings  
Her infant-loves with purple wings:  
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,  
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.  
The muses next in order follow,  
Conducted by their squire Apollo:  
Then Mercury with silver tongue;  
And Hebe, goddess ever young.  
Behold the bridegroom and his bride,  
Walked hand in hand, and side by side;  
She, by the tender graces dressed,  
But he, by Mars, in scarlet vest.  
The nymph was cover'd with her flammeum,  
And Phoebus sung th' epithalamium.  
And last, to make the matter sure,  
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.  
Luna was absent on pretense  
Her time was not till nine months hence.

The rites perform'd, the parson paid,  
In state returned the grand parade;  
With loud huzzas from all the boys,  
That now the pair must crown their joys.

But still the hardest part remains:  
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,  
How with so high a nymph he might  
Demean himself the wedding-night:  
For, as he viewed his person round,  
Mere mortal flesh was all he found:  
His hands, his neck, his mouth, and feet,  
Were duly washed, to keep them sweet;  
With other parts that shall be nameless,  
The ladies else might think me shameless,  
The weather and his love were hot:  
And, should he struggle, I know what -  
Why, let it go, if I must tell it -  
He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it,  
While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,  
Was unsusceptible of stain,  
And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin  
Exhaled ambrosia from within.  
Can such a diety endure  
A mortal human touch impure?  
How did the humbled swain detest  
His prickly beard, and hairy chest!  
His night-cap bordered round with lace,  
Could give no softness to his face.

Yet if the Goddess could be kind,  
What endless raptures must he find!  
And Goddesses have now and then  
Come down to visit mortal men;  
To visit and to court them too:  
A certain Goddess, God knows who,  
As in a book he heard it read,  
Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.  
But what if he should lose his life  
By venturing on his heavenly wife!  
(For Strephon could remember well,  
That once he heard a school-boy tell,  
How Semele, of mortal race,  
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)



And what if daring Strephon dies  
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes?

While these reflections filled his head,  
The bride was put in form to bed:  
He followed, stript, and in he crept,  
But awfully his distance kept.

Now consider well, ye parents dear;  
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;  
And make them every afternoon  
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;  
That, ere to bed they venture up,  
They may discharge it every sup;  
If not, they must in evil plight  
Be often forced to rise at night.  
Keep them to wholesome food confined,  
Nor let them taste what causes wind:  
'Tis this the ancient sage of Samos means,  
Forbidding his disciples beans.

O! think what evils must ensue;  
Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue;  
And, when once she has got the art,  
She cannot help it for her heart;  
But out it flies, even when she meets  
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.  
Carminative and diuretic

Will damp all passion sympathetic:  
And love such nicety requires,  
One blast will put out all his fires.  
Since husbands get behind the scene,  
The wife should study to be clean;  
Nor give the smallest room to guess  
The time when wants of nature press:  
But after marriage practice more  
Decorum than she did before;  
To keep her spouse deluded still,  
And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair:  
'Tis time to show how things went there.

Strephon, who had been often told  
That fortune still assists the bold,  
Resolved to make the first attack;  
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.

How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,  
With constitution cold and snowy,  
Permit a brutish man to touch her?  
Even lambs by instinct fly the butcher.  
Resistance on the wedding night  
Is what our maidens claim by right:  
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed  
Was maid in thought, in word, and deed.  
But some assign a different reason:  
That Strephon chose no proper season.

Say, Fair ones, must I make a pause,  
Or freely tell the secret cause?  
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)  
Had now constrained the nymph to leak.  
This point must needs be settled first:  
The bride must either void or burst.  
Then see the dire effects of pease;  
Think what can give the colick ease.  
The nymph oppressed before, behind,  
As ships are tossed by waves and wind,  
Steals out her hand, by nature led,  
And brings a vessel into bed;  
Fair utensil, as smooth and white  
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill  
As from a mossy cliff distill,  
Cried out, Ye Gods! What found is this!  
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, piss!  
But when he smelt a noisome steam,  
Which oft' attends that luke-warm stream:  
(Salerno both together joins  
As sovereign medicines for the loins;)   
And though contrived, we may suppose,  
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose:

He found her, while the scent increased,  
As mortal as himself at least.

But soon with like occasions pressed,  
He boldly sent his hand in quest  
(Inspired with courage from his bride)  
To reach the pot on t' other side:  
And, as he filled the reeking vase,  
Let fly a rouser in her face.

The little Cupids hovering round,  
(As pictures prove, with garlands crowned)  
Abashed at what they saw and heard,  
Flew off, nor ever more appeared.

Adieu to ravishing delights,  
High raptures, and romantic flights;  
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,  
Expiring shepherds at their feet;  
To silver meads and shady bowers,  
Dressed up with amaranthine flowers.

How great a change! How quickly made!  
They learn to call a spade a spade,  
They soon from all constraint are freed;  
Can see each other do their need.

On box of cedar sits the wife,  
And makes it warm for dearest life;  
And by the beastly way of thinking,  
Find great society in stinking.

Now Strephon daily entertains  
His Chloe in the homliest strains;  
And Chloe, more experienced grown,  
With interest pays him back his own.

No maid at court is less ashamed  
Howe'er for selling bargains famed,  
Than she to name her parts behind,  
Or when abed to let out wind.

Fair Decency, celestial maid!  
Descend from Heaven to Beauty's Aid!  
Though Beauty may beget desire,  
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire:

For Beauty, like supreme dominion,  
Is best supported by Opinion:  
If Decency bring no supplies,  
Opinion falls and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear  
In all her glittering birthday gear,  
You think some Goddess from the sky  
Descended, ready, cut and dry:  
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,  
Consider well what may come after;  
For fine ideas vanish fast,  
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day  
When Chloe stole your heart away,  
Had you but through a cranny spied  
On seat of ease your future bride,  
In all the postures of her face  
Which nature gives in such a case;  
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,  
'Twere better you had licked her leavings,  
Then from experience find too late  
Your goddess grown a filthy mate  
Your fancy then had always dwelt  
On what you saw and what you smelt;  
Would still the same ideas give ye  
As when you spied her on the privy;  
And, in spite of Chloe's charms divine,  
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,  
Direct that women must be decent;  
And from the spouse each blemish hide,  
More than from all the world beside.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain  
That their empire holds so short a reign;  
Is, after marriage, lost so soon,  
It hardly holds the honeymoon:  
For if they keep not what they caught,  
It is entirely their own fault.

They take possession of the crown,  
And then throw all their weapons down:  
Though, by the politician's scheme,  
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,  
Those arts, by which at first they gain it,  
They still must practice to maintain it.  
What various ways our females take  
To pass for wits before a rake!  
And in the fruitless search pursue  
All other methods but the true!

Some try to learn polite behavior  
By reading books against their Saviour;  
Some call it witty to reflect  
On every natural defect;  
Some show they never want explaining,  
To comprehend a double meaning.  
But sure a tell-tale out of school  
Is of all wits the greatest fool;  
Whose rank imagination fills  
Her heart, and from her lips distills;  
You'd think she uttered from behind,  
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife adored  
By every coxcomb but her lord?  
From yonder puppet-man inquire,  
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;  
Shows Sheba's queen completely dressed,  
And Solomon in royal vest:  
But views them littered on the floor,  
Or strung on pegs behind the door;  
Punch is exactly of a piece  
With Lorrain's Duke, and Prince of Greece.

A prudent builder should forecast  
How long the stuff is like to last;  
And carefully observe the ground,  
To build some foundation sound,  
What house, when its materials crumble,  
Must not inevitably tumble?

What edifice can long endure  
Raised on a basis unsecure?

Rash mortals ere you take a wife,  
Contrive your pile to last for life:  
Since beauty scarce endures a day,  
And youth so swiftly glides away;  
Why will you make yourself a bubble  
To build on sand with hay and stubble?

On sense and wit your passion found,  
By decency cemented round;  
Let prudence with good-nature strive,  
To keep esteem and love alive.  
Then, come old age whene'er it will,  
Your friendship shall continue still:  
And thus a mutual gentle fire  
Shall never but with life expire.



## THE CAMEL AND THE SPHINX

Now the sex life of the camel  
Is not as one may think.  
One night in a fit of emotion,  
He tried to bugger the sphinx.

But the sphinx's posterior entrance  
Was blocked by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile!

## A PROLOGUE

(Spoke by Miss Bella de Lancy, on her retiring from the stage to open a fashionable Bawdy House)

(By S. Johnson, LL.D.)

When Cunt first triumphed (as the learned suppose)  
O'er falling pricks, Immortal Dildo rose,  
From fucks unnumbered, still erect he drew,  
Exhausted cunts, and then demanded new;  
Dame nature saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting pricks toiled after him in vain;  
The laxest folds, the deepest depths he filled;  
The juiciest drained; the toughest hymens drilled.  
The fair lay gasping with distended limbs,  
And unremitting cockstands stormed their quims.  
Then Frigging came, instructed from the school,  
And scorned the aid of India-rubber tool.  
With restless finger, fired the dormant's blood,  
Till Clitoris rose, sly, peeping thro' her hood.  
Gently was worked this titillating art,  
It broke no hymen, and scarce stretched the part;  
Yet lured its votaries to a sudden doom,  
And stamped Consumption's flush on Beauty's bloom.  
Sweet Gamahuche found ways to fame,  
It asked not Dildo's art, nor Frigging's flame.  
Tongue, not prick, now probes the central hole,  
And mouth not cunt, becomes prick's destined goal.  
It always found a sympathetic friend;  
And pleased limp pricks, and those who could not spend.  
No tedious wait, for laboured stand, delays  
The hot and pouting cunt, which tongue allays.

The taste was luscious, tho' the smell was strong;  
The fuck was easy, and would last so long;  
Till wearied tongue found gamahuching cloy,  
And pricks and cunts grew callous to the joy.  
Then dulled by frigging, by mock pricks enlarged,  
Her noble duties Cunt but ill discharged.  
Her nymphae droop'd, her devil's bite grew weak,  
And twice two pricks might flounder in her creek;  
Till all the edge was taken off the bliss,  
And Cunt's sole occupation was to piss.  
Forced from her former joys, with scoff and brunt,  
She saw great Arsehole lay the ghost of Cunt.  
Exulting buggers hailed the joyful day,  
And piles and hemorrhoids confirmed his sway.  
But who lust's fancies can explore,  
And mark the whimsies that remain in store?  
Perhaps it shall be deemed a lover's treat,  
To suck the flowing quims of mares in heat;  
Perhaps, where beauty held unequalled sway,  
A Cochin fowl shall rival Mabel Grey;  
Nobles be ruined by the Hyaena's smile,  
And seals get short engagements from th' Argyle.  
Hard is her lot, that here by Fortune placed,  
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;  
Catch every whim, learn every bawdy trick,  
And chase the new born bubbles of the prick;  
Ah, let not Censure term our fate, our choice,  
The Bawd but echoes back the public voice;  
The Brothel's laws, the Brothel's patron's give,  
And those that live to please must please to live;  
Then purge these growing follies from your hearts,  
And turn to female charms and female arts;  
'Tis yours this night, to bid the reign begin,  
Of all the good old-fashioned ways to sin;  
Clean wholesome girls, with lip, tongue, cunt and hand,  
Shall raise, keep up, put in, take down a stand;  
Your bottoms shall by lily hands be bled,  
And birches blossom under every bed.



# THE CRICKET AND THE CRAB-LOUSE

Tune: "Derry, Down, Down"

(By Robert Burns)

As a crab-louse and flea went hunting together,  
They took shade in a rose from the heat of the weather;  
This rose being fairer by far than the rest  
Was plucked by a lady and stuck in her breast:

These hunters, perceiving a fair open track,  
'Twixt two hills white as snow, took the road to her back;  
Then descending all day, reached the village by night,  
OH HO! says the flea, here's an inn I'll alight.

And I, says the crab-louse, will pass through this gap,  
And without the expense of an inn, go take my nap:  
I see a small hovel, and in it I'll stay,  
So onward he jogged to go sleep in the hay.

Thus possessed of the settlements, back and frontier,  
They hoped from encroachments to keep themselves clear.  
But both climate and foe had combined to annoy,  
Nor would grant them a day their domains to enjoy.

For scarce had the flea taken one sip at his claret  
When the tenement shook from cellar to garret.  
Then a strange rumbling noise from the passage did roar  
Which drove the poor tippler behind the street door.

A sultry salt shower succeeded this storm,  
Which drove him all drenched, like a hare from its form,  
Through the smoking wet grass he was glad for to run  
And swore while he lived that damned inn he would shun.

In the morning he meets with the crab-louse, his friend,  
And relates his adventures, and soon makes an end:  
Now with me, says the crab, still worse fortune took place:  
When I tell you my sufferings you'll pity my case.

In the midst of my hay I discovered a cave,  
As deep as a coal pit, as dark as a grave:  
With black thorns and stiff brambles all growing about,  
So I feared to go in lest I should never get out.

Soon a giant approached me, a Cyclops, I ween,  
For only one eye on his forehead was seen,  
Who drove me from brier to bramble full sore:  
Then entering himself, thrust me in before.

Though wide was the cave, he could hardly get in,  
So in forcing the passage he rubbed off his skin:  
Then he strained and he swelled, and still bigger he grew,  
Till forth from his forehead his brains at me flew.

Now the fray at the end, like a half-drowned mole  
I crept to the top to peep out of my hole:  
And there I perceived all at once with surprise,  
This giant was shrunk to a pigmean size.

So I slily slipt by, overjoyed to escape,  
For I dreaded him still, (though so altered in shape):  
And here I am come in the pickle you see,  
And the devil himself may go lodge there for me.

Though if I might advise it, these borders he'll shun,  
Where he'll meet with a giant, as sure as a gun,  
Who valuing our blades, nor our bullets a dam  
Like the Romans, attacks with a huge battering ram.

For just as I passed him, I saw at his back,  
Two large ponderous paving stones tied in a sack:  
Ay ay, cried the flea, that same sack I did see,  
For ofttimes with great vengeance he banged it at me.

But I managed so well that I kept out of reach  
Of this terrible engine that batters in breach:  
And now that these perils are over our heads  
I hope that we may peaceably die in our beds.

NAE HAIR ON'T  
Tune: "Gillicrankie"  
(By Robert Burns)

Yestreen I wed a lady fair,  
And ye wad believe me,  
On her cunt grows nae hair  
That's the thing that grieves me.  
It vex'd me sair, it plagu'd me sair,  
It put me in a passion,  
To think that I had wed a wife  
Whose cunt was out of fashion.

HOW CAN I KEEP MY MAIDENHEAD  
Tune: "The Birks o' Abergelddie"

How can I keep my maidenhead,  
My maidenhead, my maidenhead:  
How can I keep my maidenhead  
Among sae mony men, O.

The captain bad a guinea for't,  
A guinea for't, a guinea for't:  
The captain bad a guinea for't,  
The colonel he bad ten, O.

But I'll do as minnie did,  
My minnie did, my minnie did:  
But I'll do as my minnie did,  
For siller I'll hae nane, O.

I'll gie it to a bonie lad:  
A bonie lad, a bonie lad:  
I'll gie it to a bonie lad  
For just as good again, O.

An auld moulie maidenhead,  
A maidenhead, maidenhead,  
An auld moulie maidenhead,  
The weary wark I ken, O.

The stretchin' o't, the striving o't,  
The borin' o't, the rivin' o't,  
And ay the double drivin' o't,  
The farther ye gang ben, O.

## THE PLENIPOTENTIARY

Tune: "The Terrible Law," or "Shawnbruce".

(By Robert Burns)

The Bey of Algiers, when afraid of his ears,  
A messenger sent to our court, sir,  
As he knew in our state that the women had weight,  
He chose one well huug for the sport, sir.  
He searched the Divan, 'till he found out a man,  
Whose ballocks were heavy and hairy,  
And he lately came o'er, from the Barbary shore,  
As the great Plenipotentiary.

When to England he came with his prick in a flame  
He showed it to his hostess on landing,  
Who spread its renown through all parts of the town,  
As a pintle past all understanding;  
So much there was said of its snout and its head,  
That they called it the great Janissary,  
Not a single lady could sleep, till she got a sly peep,  
At the great Plenipotentiary."

As he rode in the coach, how the whores did approach,  
And stared as if stretched on a tenter,  
He drew every eye of the dames that pass by,  
Like the sun to its wonderful center;  
As he passed through the town not a window was down,  
And the maids hurried out to the area,  
The children cried, "Look, there's the man with the cock,  
That's the great Plenipotentiary."

When he came to the court, oh, what giggle and sport,  
Such squinting and squeezing to view him,  
What envy and spleen in the women were seen,  
All happy and pleased to get near him;  
They vowed from their hearts if men of such parts,  
Were found on the coast of Barbary.  
'Tis a shame not to bring a whole guard for the King,  
Like the great Plenipotentiary.

The dames of intrigue, formed their cunts in a league,  
To take him in turns like good folks, sir,  
The young misses' plan was to catch as catch can  
And all were resolved on a stroke, sir,  
The cards to invite flew by thousands each night,  
With bribes to the old secretary,  
And the famous Eclipse was not let for more leaps  
Than the great Plenipotentiary.

When his name was announced, how the women all  
bounced,  
And their blood hurried up to their faces,  
He made them all itch from navel to breech,  
And their bubbies burst out of their laces;  
There was such damned work to be fucked by a Turk,  
That nothing their passion could vary  
All the nations fell sick for the Barbary prick  
Of the great Plenipotentiary.

A Duchess whose duke made her ready to puke,  
With fumbling and fucking all night, sir,  
Being first for the prize, was so pleased with its size,  
That she begged for to stroke its big snout, sir,  
"My stars," cried her grace, "its head's like a mace,  
'Tis as high as the Corsican fairy,  
I'll make up, please the pigs, for dry bobs and frigs,  
With his great Plenipotentiary."

And now to be bored by this Ottoman lord,  
Came a virgin far gone on the wane, sir,  
She resolved for to try, though her cunt was so dry,  
That she knew it must split like a cane, sir,  
True it was as she spoke, it gave way at each stroke,  
But oh, what a wonderful quandary,  
With one terrible thrust, her old piss-bladder bust,  
On his great Plenipotentiary.

The next to be tried was an alderman's bride,  
With a cunt that could swallow a turtle,  
She had horned the dull brows of her worshipful spouse,  
Till they sprouted like Venus' myrtle;  
Through thick and through thin, bowel deep he dashed in,  
Till her cunt frothed like cream in a dairy,  
And expressed in loud farts she was strained in all parts,  
By the great Plenipotentiary.

The next to be kissed on the Plenipo's list,  
Was a delicate maiden of honor,  
She screamed at the sight of his prick, in a fright,  
Though she'd had the whole palace upon her;  
"O Lord," she said, "what a prick for a maid,  
Do, pray, come look at it, Cary!  
But I will have one drive if I'm ripped up alive  
By this great Plenipotentiary.

Two sisters next came Peg and Molly by name,  
Two ladies of very high breeding,  
Resolved one should try, while the other stood by,  
And watched the amusing proceeding;  
Peg swore by the gods, that the Mussulman's cods,  
Were as big as both buttocks of Mary,  
Molly cried with a grunt, "He has ruined my cunt;  
With his great Plenipotentiary."

The next for this plan, was an old harridan,  
Who had swallowed huge pricks from each nation,  
With over-much use, she had broken the sluice,  
'Twixt her cunt and its lower relation;  
But he stuck her so full that she roared like a bull,  
Crying out she was bursting and weary,  
So tight was she stuck was this wonderful fuck,  
Of the great Plenipotentiary.

The next for the shag came the Yankee flag,  
Though lanky and scraggy in figure,  
She was fond of the quid, for she had been well rid,  
From Washington down to a nigger;  
"Oh my! such a size, I guess it's first prize  
It's a wonder, quite next to Ni-a-gary,  
W-a-a-l, now I'm in luck, stranger, let's fuck,  
Bully for the Plenipotentiary!"

- All heads were bewitched, and longed to be stitched,  
Even babies would languish and linger,  
And the boarding school miss, as she sat down to piss,  
Drew a Turk on the floor with her finger;  
For fancied delight, they all clubbed for a shite,  
To frig in the school necessary,  
And the teachers in France fucked a la distance,  
With the great Plenipotentiary.

Each sluice-cunted bawd who'd been well-screwed abroad  
Till her premises gaped like a grave, sir,  
Found luck was so thick, she could feel the Turk's prick,  
Though all others were lost in her cave, sir;  
The nymphs of the stage, did this ramrod engage,  
Made him free of their gay seminary;  
And the Italian Signors opened all their back-doors,  
To the great Plenipotentiary.

Then of love's sweet reward, measured out by the yard,  
The Turk was most blest of mankind, sir,  
For his powerful dart went home to the art,  
Whether stuck in before or behind, sir;  
But no pencil can draw, this great pintled Bashaw,-  
Then let each cunt-loving contemporary,  
As cocks of the game, let's drink to the name  
Of the great Plenipotentiary!

## THE CURIOUS WANTON

(By Thomas Rowlandson)

Miss Chloe in a wanton way  
Her durgling would needs survey.  
Before the glass displays her thighs  
And at the sight with wonder cries,  
“Is this the thing that day and night  
Makes men fall out and madly fight?  
The source of sorrow and of joy  
Which King and beggar both employ?  
How grim it looks, yet enter in,  
You’ll find a fund of sweets begin!”

## THE LARKING CULL

(By Thomas Rowlandson)

While on the bed the nymph reclined  
Damon resolved to please his mind.  
His generation tube he shows,  
Between her swelling breasts it goes.  
His fingers to her touch-hole sent  
Alas to give her small content.  
A larger thing would give more pleasure  
She always loves to have full measure,  
And who for greater joys do hunt  
Than rising bubbies and a cunt.



TO ROSALIE  
(By Lord Byron)

When in the soft still night all are asleep,  
Into thy chamber of delight I creep.  
Finding thee deep in innocent repose.  
Lips half apart, like petals of a rose  
In spring-time when they have just begun to spread,  
So are thy lips—as delicate and red.  
As I creep near, I see thee turn and sigh  
(As though some spirit told thee what thine eye  
Doth fail to see). And as I bend over thee  
Through the darkness I can dimly see  
Thy budding breasts, fair flowers of delight,  
Gleam with a shimmer, fairly white.  
Gently I raise the coverlet from around  
The dearest treasure man ever found.  
Soft sinuous limbs of matchless shape and grace,  
Hips filled with pleasure, shoulders to embrace,  
Soft round delicious body, white and warm,  
Could anything be sweeter than thy form?  
Moments I stand, enjoying ecstasies  
Of expectations—glorious moments these;  
Then not postponing longer joys divine  
I slip between the covers and entwine  
My arm around thy body, and, in turn,  
I feel thy soft arms grow tight, and seem to burn  
With fires that are not earthly.  
Now they find mine, and close I draw  
Thy quivering lips.  
Thy fairy fingers creep with soft caress  
O'er my trembling body, and no less  
Do I with gentle motion stroke thine own  
Limbs that promise pleasures still unknown.

Now doth my body gently blend with thine  
And gently begin to move.  
I hear thee sigh,  
And reaching down, I touch the ruby tips  
Of thy round and lovely breasts with searing lips.  
Now I am a god. Earth falls away  
Into dim distance, and I fall swifter away.  
Sweet on my neck, hot fast breath I feel.  
Faster I go, my very senses reel—  
Swifter, and even swifter flows my blood.  
O joyous thrill! Then an aching flood I pour in thee  
Mingling it with thine,  
Easing the rapturous pain that maketh mine.  
Sweet in each other's arms we pant and lie.  
Would that it might be given me of such joy to die.  
But no, I shall return  
To still again the fires that yearn  
For yet another flood of cool delight.  
Gentle and soft thy fingers are and light  
Their touch between my loins.  
They slowly beat youth into my blood until  
I repeat the loveliest of rituals,  
And again, I blend with thee, and feel again  
The pain of passion, till at last the cooling stream  
Flows into thee and leaves me in a dream.  
So through the night we play, until at last  
Slumber doth bind my eyelids tightly fast.  
And in thine arms I sleep, thy skin so fair  
Blending with mine, our bodies close and bare  
And bound in love's design.  
Then comes the dawn  
And leaving thee slumbering, I am up and gone.  
One thing I stop for—this and only this:  
On thy sweet lips I press a farewell kiss!

## ENCHANTMENT

(By Lord Byron)

Upon my garret couch I lay.  
'Twas a hot and sultry day.  
My thoughts, for I was dreaming half  
Were broken by a silvery laugh  
Which fell upon my startled ear  
Clear, distinct, and very near.  
I rose and followed up the sound,  
And in the wall a crevice found.  
'Twas from the floor full five feet high.  
To it I placed my prying eye,  
And was rewarded with a sight  
Which thrilled and filled me with delight.

Youth and maid were in the room,  
And both had youth's fair beauteous bloom.  
She seemed of age about sixteen,  
While he two summers more had seen.  
Each was with the other highly pleased.  
Their dress was scant indeed, for she  
Was clad only in her thin chemise,  
While the youth did also lack  
All but a single garment to his back.  
There this youth and beauteous maid  
Still kissed, and hugged, and toyed, and played,  
Till at last his free hand wandered o'er  
The charms beneath the garb she wore.  
Then, getting warm, he bade her lift  
Up to her waist her dainty shift.

This she did, and thus displayed  
The fairest limbs that e'er a maid  
To lover's kindling eyes displayed.  
He as yet not quite contented  
Bade her then to cast aside  
The garb which did her beauty hide.

Her swelling globes, her parting lips,  
Her snow-white throat where passion sits,  
Her curved abdomen, and her loins,  
Where each plump thigh its sister joins,  
Her shapely arms, her rosy skin,  
Revealing currents warm within,  
Her long white legs so straight and neat,  
Tapering to her dainty feet,  
Not these he saw, but glued his eyes  
Upon the spot between her thighs.  
The ruby entrance to her heart  
Where Cupid longed to cast his dart  
Was yet unhid by shady curls  
As is the case with older girls,  
But by a peach's luscious rind  
Kept its coral lips defined.

There's many a youth and blushing maid  
Who are under-mined by capillary glade,  
And she in turn to show her spleen  
Will lift up high her crinoline,  
Or for some fond lad will play at joy  
With his readily erected toy.

But to my tale, this youth was left  
Still gazing at that open cleft  
Into which his finger then did fly  
Which raised his passion to the sky.

Then casting off his garment there  
He stood as naked and as fair.  
He about her his arms entwined.  
He felt each part, before, behind.

Nor was she idle, for her hand  
Grasped something which it hardly spanned.  
And as she did her grasp resign  
Her finger opened wide the shrine  
Into which with gladness and content  
His sturdy uncapped pilgrim went.

There, with a movement known to wives  
Deep in the gaping chasm dives,  
And through and through triumphant goes  
Straight through the middle of the rose.  
Then with one last convulsive throe  
They felt love's burning lava flow.

Thus on her back supremely laid  
She to her panting lover said,  
"My love, I know, though I am undone,  
I've never had a sweeter one.  
Not even when you first did steal  
Your hands between my legs to feel,  
And then before my burning eyes  
You displayed a thing of such a size  
That I was frightened by the look;  
And then again upon my bed  
You stormed and took my maidenhead,  
I felt full well each loving thrust  
Increasing love's provoking lust.  
While passion held triumphant sway  
Until our senses died away."

## SOCRATIC LOVE

(By Eugene Field)

The story goes that Socrates, that wise Athenian codger,  
Carried, concealed about his clothes, a – rare avis – dodger,  
Wherewith he used, when as he felt particularly nippy,  
To ransack holes that did not appertain to his Xantippe.  
Young Alcidiades, they say, was such a pink of fashion,  
As to excite old Socrates into a flame of passion,  
Which spurred him not Xantippewards to coddle and to  
hug 'er,  
But filled him with a violent and lewd desire to bugger.

Now wit ye well that in those parts, 'twas not considered  
nasty

For sage philosophers to turn their tools to pederasty.  
The sapient Plato, whom they called in those old times  
“The Master,”

Did know – a tergo –, as they say, a pretty boy hight Aster;  
And old Diogenes, who thrived by raising of the dickens,  
Was wont to occupy all bums, from pupils down to chickens;  
Whilst that revered and austere man, the great and pious  
Solon,

Did penetrate a Thracian youth unto his transverse colon.  
In short, it was the usual thing for horny Greeks to diddle  
This gummy vent, instead of that with which the ladies  
piddle.

Now Alcibiades was tall and straight as any arrow;  
His buttocks thrilled old Socrates unto his very marrow.  
No hairs as yet profaned the vale that cleft those globes  
asunder,

No hairs to interrupt the course of his diurnal ordure  
And gather from that excrement a rank dilberic bordure.  
His sphincter was as fair a band, so Socrates protested,  
As ever kept one's vituals in, or passed them when digested.

No hemorrhoids had ever marred its soft and sensuous  
    beauty,  
And on its virgin fords no prick had spent its pleasing duty;  
Like some sweet bud it nested there; the winds blew gently  
    through it  
Scenting the breeze; old Socrates more madly longed to do  
    it.  
But Alcibiades was wont to make absurd objection  
When Socrates proposed the scheme of forming a connec-  
    tion.  
The youth conceived the childish whim that buggery was  
    nasty,  
And kept the horny old philosopher from being over hasty.  
And so he grew from day to day, his bum waxed hourly  
    fatter,  
And Socrates was nearly dead to get at that fecal matter.

It so befell that on a day in sweaty summer weather,  
They walked into the Acropolis quite casually together;  
And as they walked the youth bent down to tie his sandal  
    laces -  
They always come unloosed, you know, at meanest times  
    and places -  
And as he stooped he lifted high and left without protection  
The virgin tract of his lower gut from pod to sigmoid flexion.  
For weeks and months old Socrates had had a priapism  
His pond'rous cods, a sight for Gods, were supercharged  
    with gism.  
Seeing that bum and this first chance, he made up his  
    mind to spot 'em,  
So he hit 'em a lick with his Attic prick, and occupied Alcy's  
    bottom.

In vain the poor Athenian boy begged, bellowed, pissed and  
    farted;  
Full twenty minutes 'lapsed before his friend and he were  
    parted.

And while old Socrates explored the tantilizing glories  
Of rugae and of plicae, and of quivering levatores,  
The victim of his lust cried out, "Ehue, that all in vain I  
Should to this hour have kept intact my rosy sphincter ani.  
Fool that I was to keep it sweet and clean for this old  
dodger,

With his three-cornered velper and his greasy balls to  
rodger!

Why did I not yield up my charms to Xenophon's embraces  
As I have had the chance to do at divers times and places?  
Why not have given up my wealth of callipygous treasure  
To handsome Cimon's burning lust or pious Plato's  
pleasure?

How would these men have gloried in my coy and virgin  
rectum,

With nary a thought of vagrant dung, or condoms to  
protect 'em;

But now, ye Gods, this lecherous goat with sardonic  
sculduggery

Doth rive my arse in twain with his incarnate god of  
buggery,

And when he pulls the pintle out with which he just now  
shuts in

The sigh my liver longs to vent, how shall I keep my guts  
in?"

Thus railed the youth against the fate that threatened to  
undo him;

But Soc, all heedless of his cries, right briskly socked it to  
him.

He packed his sperm so firmly in that colon soft and callow  
That when thereafter Alcy pooped the poop was mostly  
tallow.



## THE FAIR LIMOUSIN

(By Eugene Field)

Since Butler sang of dildoes, and Villon loved to treat  
Of certain cross-grained margots whom he'd rogered on  
the street;

Since Rabelais and Rochester and Chaucer chose to sing  
Of that which gave them subtle joy, - that is to say, - the  
thing - ,

Why should not I, an humble bard, be pardoned if I write  
Of a certain strange occurrence which has lately come to  
light?

One evening in December, on the Boulevard de Prix,  
While the sombre bells of Notre Dame announced the hour  
of six

A dapper wight named Edward met, tripping on her way  
A madam with a character and a gown quite décolleté  
A babbling, buxom, blooming, billowy-bubbied dame,  
Camille Maria Jesus Hector Limousin, by name.

Though fair she was of countenance, she was as lewd a  
bitch

As ever wallowed in a bed or mouzled in a ditch;  
And maugre wealth or family, she was as foul a minx  
As ever fondled scabby cods or nursed gangrescent dinks.  
She tumbled one American, and with his drooling yard  
The august house of Grevy fell, and fell almighty hard.

She toyed with Simon's senile tape, and burned Clemen-  
ceau's tail;

With howling Rochefort had she drunk of Mother Watkin's  
ale.

With Perier, and with Carnot she had wrestled for a fall:  
She had drained old Goulet 'til he lay, no good, against the  
wall.

She did not swive for sustenance, she rather lived to swive,  
And at the two-backed beast, she beat the veriest whore  
alive.

No prurient dame of high degree, no wench of tarnished  
fame,  
Could be compared with Limousin at this close-buttock  
game.

The Greeks had sixteen postures, and the Hindoos sixty-four,  
And Cleopatra's aggregate was seventy-five or more.  
What were a hundred postures to this fantastic Queen?  
She had at least a thousand, and each of them – tres bien –.

On top, the pumping method, or lying on the side,  
Or spread upon her billowy bum – a la – the blushing bride,  
Or standing up, or sitting down, or resting on all four,  
Whereby the visitor could take his choice of either door;  
Or dressed or naked, every way her genius could invent  
To catch the silvery substance that tickleth when 'tis spent.

She'd nig-nog, duffle, snuggle, concomitate and quag;  
She'd dance "The Shaking of the Sheets", fadoodle, wap  
and shag

She'd "Come the Caster," niggle, jerk, and "Hear the  
Nightingale;"

She'd nest-hide, dance "St. Leger's Round", and do it with  
her tail;

She'd break her leg above the knee, pound, click, and tread  
as well,

And with a Holy Father, put the Devil into Hell.

She'd wrestle, bang, cohabit, futuore, cram and jig,  
Jumme, copulate, accompany, swive, fornicate and frig;  
Go goosing or grousing, and if needs be cooning go,  
Rasp, roger, diddle, buggger, screw, canoodle, kife and mow.  
There was no form of harlotry, nor any size of tarse  
That had not run the gauntlet 'twixt her nostrils and her  
arse.

What shall I term that slimy pit-like orifice of sin,  
That let her liquefactions out and other factions in?  
A tuppence, twitchet, coney, commodity, or nock,  
Pudendum, titmouse, dummel-herd, quaint merkin, naf  
or jock?

Call it whatever you please, there's nothing in a name,  
And though it had been dubbed a rose, it would have  
smelt the same.

And he? He was as fine a buck as ever topped a ewe,  
Or with his facile penis clave a virgin's clam in two.  
The flush of lusty manhood lent its beauty to his face,  
And the outlines of his sturdy frame were full of virile grace.  
But what seemed fairer far than these, to Limousin's fair  
eyes,

Was the - ne plus ultra - velper that swung between his  
thighs.

To this illustrious pego and its adjacent flop  
Let other kingoes, lobs and yards in adoration drop;  
These other virgas, placket-rackets, pintles, stunts and  
jocks

And all the brood of priapismic, candidates for pox;  
Fie, on the mewing mentulae, for what, oh, what were  
these

Besides that phallic glory that hung below his knees?

Your pillycocks are competent for tickling mouse's ears,  
And tools hight lobs are brute enough to bring forth bridal  
tears,

But the velper that's ambitious to enact heroic roles  
Must be of such proportions as to stretch the roomiest  
holes;

With dornicks so proficient that when they cease to spout,  
The lady cannot pee the dose but has to cough it out.

This tool of his was one foot long, and had three corners  
to it;

Its beveled velvet head stood up, when in the mood to do it,  
And as it stood, and breathed and purred, murmured sort  
o' sadly.

What woman, if she felt at all, but hankered for it madly?  
And then, those cods, when hands in amorous dalliance  
squeezed them,

They'd throw a stream which, ladies say, beyond all telling  
pleased them.

This monumental penis had frigged through all creation,  
The jibby, bouser, beagle, bawd of every nation;  
The courtesan, the concubine, the siren and the harlot,  
The widow in her grassy weeds, the splatter-dash in scarlet;  
The madam in her drawing room, with social homage  
    honored,  
The washee-washee almond eye whose quim is cat-a-  
    cornered.

From Colorado in the West to Mannheim in the East,  
(And that's a goodly distance—six thousand miles at least)  
This prick had mown a swath of twats of every size and age,  
So numerous that I could not write their number on this  
    page.

Where'er he went he left behind a gory, gummy trail  
Of lacerated, satiated, ripped-up female tail.

'Twas to the bearer of this tool that Limousin applied  
For the pleasant little service that he'd never yet denied,  
And when she asked him, "Voulez?" he was fly enough to  
    see

He would have to meet a crisis, so he bravely answered,  
    "Oui!"

A crisis is a crisis, but a French one, we've heard tell,  
Out-crises all crises, and that is simply Hell.

He modestly unfolded his brobdingnagian prick,  
And hit that foreign madam's thing just one gosh-awful  
    lick;

She gave a grewsome tremor, and shrieked aloud "Mon  
    Dieu!"

Her eye-balls rolled up in her head, her lips turned black and  
    blue;

But there she lay and sozzled 'till he pumped her full, and  
    then

He went and hired a doctor to sew her up again.

## THE WANTON LASS

(Tune: "Derry Down")

There was a lass they called bonny Bet,  
With a jolly fat ass, and a cunt black as jet.  
Her quim had long itched, and she wanted, I vow,  
A jolly good fucking, but couldn't tell how.

She thought of a plan that might serve as the same,  
That herself she might shag without any shame;  
So a carrot she got, with a point rather blunt,  
And she rammed it and jammed it three parts up her cunt.

She liked it so well that she oft used to do it,  
Till at length the poor girl had occasion to rue it;  
For one day, when amusing herself with this whim,  
The carrot snapped off, and part stuck in her quim.

She almost went mad with vexation at this;  
Indeed in due time the poor girl couldn't piss.  
The lass was in tortures, no rest had poor Bet,  
Though her back teeth were floating her quiff wouldn't wet.

The doctor was called, she told him the case.  
He put his spectacles on and pulled a long face.  
He bid her turn up, though she scarcely was able,  
And pull her petticoats over her navel.

Her clouts she held up, round her belly so plump,  
And he gave her fat arse such a hell of a thump,  
That he made her cry out, tho' he did it so neat  
That out flew the carrot out into the street.

Now a sweep passing by, he saw it coming down,  
Picked it up, and he ate it, and said with a frown,  
"By God, it's not right! It's a damned shame, I say,  
That people should throw buttered carrots away!"

## ON A FART

Gentlest Blast of ill Concoction,  
Reverse of high-ascending Belch;  
The stink abhorred by Scotchmen,  
Beloved and practised by the Welch.  
Softest note of inward Griping,  
Sir Reverence's finest part;  
So fine it needs no Pains of wiping,  
Except it be a Brewer's Fart.  
Swiftest Ease of Cholick Pains,  
Vapour from a secret Stench,  
That's rattled by the unbred Swains,  
But whispered by the bashful Wench.  
Shapeless Fart, we ne'r can shew thee,  
But in that noble Female Sport,  
In which by burning Blue we know thee,  
Th' Amusement of the Maids at Court.

## INTO THE BARGAIN

Two lads were out on Hertford Heath  
And being flush of money,  
Offered two shillings to a wench  
To let them view her cunny.

They viewed it with extreme delight,  
Stark naked and provoking;  
They paid their shillings for the sight,  
But no touching and no stroking.

Now said the cunning little slut,  
"Just add a sixpence each;  
And you shall feel my quivering scut,  
And I'll let you feel my breech."

"What fun!" exclaim the simple boys,  
So they the shilling paid;  
Then pulling up her smock behind,  
Her bottom she displayed.

And so they fondled and felt their fill;  
Then cried the giggling lass,  
"Your bargain shall be better still;  
Say please, and I'll let you kiss my ass!"

## THE YOUNGEST CHILD

She lay stark naked between the sheets,  
So nice and fat and chubby;  
And I myself beside her lay a-chewing on her bubby.  
I kissed her lips in crazy glee,  
And 'neath her chin did chuck her.  
Our thighs did intermingle,  
And I began to fuck her.  
"Pull out," she cried, "pull out! pull out,  
Or I'll get into trouble."  
I did, and on her snow-white breast  
That stream did squirt and bubble.  
I looked into her frightened face  
And, with a smile of mirth,  
I said, "I guess that is the youngest child  
That you have ever nursed."  
She scooped it up with one fair hand,  
And with a glad ha, ha,  
She threw the load into my face  
And said, "Child, go kiss your papa!"



## A LITTLE PIECE OF WHANG

I'll tell you a little story, just a story I have heard,  
And you'll swear it's all a fable, but it's gospel every word.  
When the Lord made father Adam, they say he laughed  
and sang,  
And sewed him up the belly with a little piece of whang.

But when the Lord was finished he found he'd measured  
wrong;

For when the whang was knotted, 'twas several inches  
long.

Said He, "'Tis but eight inches, so I guess I'll let it hang."  
So He left on Adam's belly that little piece of whang.

But when the Lord made Mother Eve I imagine he did snort.  
For He found the whang he sewed her with was several  
inches short.

"'Twill leave an awful gap," said He, "but I should give a  
damn,

She can fight it out with Adam for that little piece of  
whang!"

So ever since that day when Human life began,  
There's been a constant struggle 'twixt the woman and  
the man.

Women swear they'll have the piece that from our belly  
hangs,

To fill the awful crack left when the Lord ran out of whang.

So let us not be jealous boys, with that which women lack,  
But lend that little piece of whang to fill that awful crack.

## THE JOLLY TINKER

There was a jolly tinker  
And he came from Dungaree  
With half a yard of fungus  
Hanging down below his knee.

The landlady's daughter  
Coming from the ball  
Saw the jolly tinker  
Lashing piss against the wall.

O tinker, O tinker,  
I'm in love with you,  
O tinker, O tinker,  
Will half a dollar do?

Oh he screwed her in the parlor,  
He fucked her in the hall,  
And the servant said, "By Jesus,  
He'll be jumping on us all!"

O daughter, O daughter,  
You were a silly fool  
To get to fucking with a man  
Whose tool is like a mule.

O mother, O mother,  
I thought that I was able,  
But he split me up the belly  
From the cunt up to the navel!

### Chorus:

With his long, long dilly-whacker,  
Over-grown kidney cracker,  
Looking for a scrimmage  
Around the belly whang.

## THE PIONEERS

The pioneers have hairy ears,  
They piss through leather britches,  
They wipe their ass on broken glass  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear,  
They knife him if he snitches;  
They knock their cocks against the rocks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass,  
From fairies or from witches;  
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Without remorse they fuck a horse,  
And beat him if he twitches;  
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

To make a mule stand for the tool,  
He's beat with hickory switches;  
They use their pricks for walking sticks,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Great joy they reap from bugging sheep  
In sundry bogs and ditches;  
Nor give a dam if it be a ram—  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

The pioneers are a hardy race,  
They bother not with trifles,  
They hang their balls upon the walls,  
And shoot at them with rifles!

When booze is rare they do not care,  
They take a shot of Fitches;  
They fuck their wives with butcher knives,  
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

## IN MOBILE

(Note: in the version of this song, as it is actually sung, the first line is repeated twice.)

Oh, the men they wash the dishes in Mobile,  
Oh the men they wash the dishes,  
And they dry them on their britches,  
Oh, the dirty sons-of-bitches in Mobile!

The cows they all are dead in Mobile,  
The cows all are dead,  
So they milk the bulls instead,  
Because the babies must be fed in Mobile!

Oh, they teach the babies tricks in Mobile,  
Oh, they teach the babies tricks  
And by the time that they are six,  
They suck their father's pricks in Mobile!

Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile,  
Oh, the eagles they fly high,  
And from way up in the sky,  
They shit squarely in your eye, in Mobile!

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO

In fourteen hundred and ninety two  
A dago from Italy  
Walked the streets of sunny Spain  
A-shouting, "Hot tamalie!"

Columbo went unto the Queen  
And asked for ships and cargo,  
He said, "I'm a dirty son-of-a-bitch  
If I don't bring back Chicago."

Columbo paced upon the deck  
He knew it was his duty  
He took his whang into his hand  
And said, "Ain't she a beauty!"

A little girl walked upon the deck  
And peeked in through the keyhole,  
He knocked her down upon her brown  
And shoved it in her peehole.

She sprang aloft, her pants fell off,  
The villain still pursued her;  
The white of an egg ran down her leg,  
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her.

Each sailor on Columbo's ship  
Had each his private knothole,  
But Columbo was a superman  
And used a padded porthole.

Columbo had a cabin boy,  
He loved him like a brother;  
And every night they went to bed  
And corn-holed one another.

For forty days and forty nights,  
They sailed the broad Atlantic,  
And as there was no tail in sight  
The sailors they got frantic

For forty days and forty nights  
They sailed in search of booty;  
They spied a whore upon the shore—  
My god, she was a beauty!

All the men jumped overboard,  
A-shedding coats and collars;  
In fifteen minutes by the clock,  
She made ten thousand dollars.

Those were the days of no clap cure;  
The doctors were not many;  
The only doc' that he could find  
Was a son-of-a-bitch named Benny.

Columbo strode up to the doc'  
His smile serene and placid;  
The God-damned doc' burned off his cock  
With hydrochloric acid.

#### Chorus:

For he knew the world was round - O -  
And his balls hung to the ground - O -  
That Dago-Bastard - with - the - seven - year - itch,  
That syphilitic - son - of - a - bitch  
Christopher Columbo!

Another version of the chorus goes:

Oh, he knew the world was round - O -  
And a fair land could be found - O -  
That masturbating, fornicating,  
Son - of - a - bitch - Columbo!

## THE SPANISH NOBILLIO

There once was a Spanish Nobillio  
Who lived in an ancient castillio;  
He was proud of his tra-la-la-lillio  
And the works of his razzle dum dee!

One day he went to the theatillio,  
And there he saw a lovely dancillio  
Who excited his tra-la-la-lillio  
And the works of his twidle dum dee!

He took her up to his castillio  
And laid her upon his soffillio,  
And then inserted his tra-la-la-lillio  
In the works of her tweedle dum dee!

Nine days later he saw the doctillio—  
He had a fine dose of clapillio  
All over his tra-la-la-lillio  
And the works of his twidle dum dee!

Now he sits in his lonely castillio,  
With a handful of cotton-wadillio,  
And he swabs off his tra-la-la-lillio  
And the works of his twidle dum dee!

## RING-DANG-DOO

Oh, Ring-dang-doo! Pray what is that,  
As soft and round as a pussy cat,  
So warm and round, and split in two?  
She said that it was her ring-dang-doo!

She took me down into her cellar,  
And told me that I was a damn fine feller,  
She gave me wine and whisky too,  
And let me play with her ring-dang-doo.

"You God-damned fool," her mother said,  
"To let this man lie in your bed,  
Now you've gone and lost your maidenhead;  
So pack your trunk and suitcase too,  
And go to hell with your ring-dang-doo!"

She went down town and bought a store,  
And hung this sign right o'er the door:  
One dollar down, no less will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo!

They came by twos, they came by fours  
Until at last they came by scores,  
The boys they came, the boys they went,  
The price went down to fifty cents.

Then there came a lad, I know not who,  
Who sure played hell with her ring-dang-doo.  
And she was glad when they all were through,  
For they had ruined her ring-dang-doo.

And now she lies beneath the sod;  
Her soul they say is gone to God;  
But down in hell when Satan's blue,  
He still takes a whirl at her ring-dang-doo.



# THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

(By Rudyard Kipling)

Oh, the bards they sing of an English King  
Who lived long years ago.  
And he ruled his land with an iron hand,  
But his mind was weak and low.  
He loved to hunt the royal stag  
Within his royal wood,  
And 'twas none but knew that his greatest sport  
Was pulling his royal pud.

Under his jerkin was a leather shirt  
Which used to hide his hide,  
But this undershirt couldn't hide the dirt,  
That no one could abide.  
He was wild and wooly and full of fleas  
That humans ne'er could stand;  
And his terrible dong hung down to his knees—  
The Bastard King of England!

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous dame,  
And a sprightly dame was she,  
And she longed to fool with his Majesty's tool  
So far across the sea.  
So she sent a note to the dirty King  
By her royal messenger,  
And requested his Majesty's sailing to Spain  
To spend a month with her.

But when Phillip of France got the news one day,  
He turned to all his court  
And he said, "My fair Queen prefers this clown  
Because my tool is short."  
So he sent abroad Marquis Siphylissap,  
Who smacked of fairyland  
To supply the Queen with a dose of clap  
To trap our dear old England.

Then the news of this filthy deed was heard  
In Windsor's merry halls,  
And the King did swear he would have anon  
The Frenchman's greasy balls.  
So he offered the half of all his lands,  
And the whole of Queen Hortense,  
To the trusty lord of the English court  
Who'd nut the King of France.

So the loyal Duke of Essexshire  
Betook himself to France  
When he swore he was a fruiter, the King  
Took down his royal pants:  
Then around his prong he tied a thong,  
Got on his horse and galloped along,  
Until he brought to Windsor's merry halls,  
The Frenchman and his dong.

Then the King threw up, and he shit his pants;  
For in the lengthy ride  
The thong had stretched by a yard or more  
The fucking Frenchman's pride.  
Then all the ladies of London town  
Who saw the mighty stand  
Cried aloud, "To hell with the English Crown!"  
And made Phillip King of England.

## THE WINNIPEG WHORE

My first trip to the Canadian border,  
My first trip to the Northern shore,  
I was introduced to the Widow Flannagan  
Commonly known as the Winnipeg Whore.  
"How do you do, and pleased to meet you,  
Sit right down upon my knee!  
We'll go through the whole darn shenanagan,  
A dollar and a half will be my fee."  
She was a'dillyin', and I was a'dallyin',  
I didn't know what it was all about,  
Till I missed my watch and wallet.  
"Holy Jumpin' Jesus!" I called out!  
Out came the bims, and out came the bitches,  
There must have been a score or more.  
You'd have laughed to shit your britches  
To see my ass fly out that door!

## THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

There was a gathering of the clans  
And all the lads were there  
A-feeling of the lassies,  
A-stroking of the hair.

The parson's wife was in the parlor  
Explaining to the groom  
That the vagina not the rectum  
Was the entrance to the womb.

The parson's daughter was in the parlor  
A-sitting up in front  
With a ring of roses round her hair  
And a carrot in her cunt.

Aimee McPherson, she was there  
With her ass against the wall,  
Saying, "Come on all you laddies,  
I'll take you one and all!"

There was jerking in the parlör  
And jerking in the ricks,  
And you could not hear the music  
For the swishing of the pricks.

### Chorus:

It's hi diddle e asnicht,  
Hi diddle oo.  
Them as had it last night  
Canna have it noo.

## THE FOUR MAIDS FROM CANADA

There were four maids from Canada  
A-sipping cherry wine.

The topic of the conversation was:  
Is yours as big as mine?

"O mine's as big as the ocean,  
O mine's as big as the sea.  
A full-rigged ship can sail right up  
With all her tackle free."

"You're a liar," said the second,  
"For mine's as big as the air.  
The sun and moon can kiss my ass  
And never singe a hair."

"You're a liar," said the third,  
"For mine's as big as the moon.  
A man can go up in the middle of May  
And never come down till June."

"You're a liar," said the fourth,  
"For mine's the biggest of all.  
A man can go up in the middle of May  
And never come down at all."

Chorus:

O, tickle my tits, you honey,  
O, snuffle the slimy slew.  
O, rattle your nuts against my guts,  
I'm one of the whorey crew!

## **"SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST"**

She was poor but she was honest  
And her parents were the same,  
Till the country squire came courting,  
And the poor girl lost her name.  
She was poor but she was honest,  
Victim of that squire's whim.  
First he had her, then he left her  
Going to have a child by him.  
So she went away to London  
Just to hide her guilty shame  
There she met an Army chaplain  
Once again she lost her name.  
So she settled down in London  
Sinking deeper in her shame;  
Till she met a labor leader  
And again she lost her name.  
See him in the House of Commons  
Making laws to put down crime,  
While the poor girl that he ruined  
Wanders on through mud and slime.  
Then there came a bloated Bishop,  
Marriage was the tale he told.  
There was no one else to take her  
So she sold her soul for gold.  
See her in her horse and carriage  
Driving daily through the park,  
Though she's made a wealthy marriage  
Still she hides a broken heart.  
In their poor but humble dwelling  
Where her grieving parents live,  
Drinking champagne that she sends them  
But they never can forgive.  
It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor that gets the blame.  
While the rich gets all the clover,  
Ain't it all a bloody shame.

## Ode to the Four Letter Words

Banish the use of the four letter words  
Whose meanings are never obscure.  
The Anglos and Saxons, those bawdy old birds,  
Were vulgar obscene and impure.  
But cherish the use of the weak-kneed phrase,  
That never quite says what you mean;  
You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways  
Than as vulgar, impure, or obscene.

When nature is calling, plain speaking is out.  
When ladies, God bless 'em, are milling about,  
You may wee-wee, make water, or empty the glass;  
You can powder your nose, even 'Johnnie' may pass,  
Shake the dew off the lily, see the man 'bout the dog,  
Or when everyone's soused it's "condensing the fog."  
But be pleased to remember if you would know bliss  
That only in Shakespeare do characters - - - .

When your dinners are hearty with onion and beans,  
With garlic and claret and bacon and greens;  
Your bowels get busy distilling a gas,  
That Nature insists be permitted to pass.  
You are very polite, and try to exhale,  
Without noise or odor (you frequently fail);  
Expecting a zephyr, you usually start,  
For even a deafer would call it a - - - - .

You may speak of a "movement" or sit on a seat,  
Have a passage, or stool--- or simply excrete,  
Or say to the others, "I'm going out back"  
And groan in pure joy in that smelly old shack  
You can go "lay a cable", or do "number two"  
Or sit on the toidey and make a "do-do",  
But ladies and men who are socially fit  
Under no provocation will go take a - - - - .

A woman has bosoms, a bust, or a breast,  
Those lily-white swellings that bulge 'neath her vest.  
They are towers of ivory, sheaves of new wheat;  
In a moment of passion, ripe apples to eat.  
You may speak of her nipples as small rings of fire,  
With hardly a question of raising her ire,  
But by Rabelais' beard will she throw fits  
If you speak of them roundly as good honest - - - .

It's a cavern of joy, you are thinking of now,  
A warm, tender field just waiting the plow.  
It's a quivering pigeon, caressing your hand,  
Or the National Anthem that makes us all stand.  
Or perhaps it's a flower, a grotto, a well,  
The hope of the World, or a velvety hell,  
But friend heed this warning, beware the affront  
Of aping a Saxon don't call it a - - - .

Tho' a lady repel your advance, she'll be kind  
Just as long as you - intimate - what's on your mind.  
You may tell her you're hungry, you need to be swung,  
You may ask her to see how your etchings are hung.  
You may mention the ashes that need to be hauled;  
Put the lid on her sauce-pan - - - lay's not too bold;  
But the moment you're forthright, get ready to duck  
The girl isn't born yet who'll stand for "Lets - - - ."

So banish the words that Elizabeth used,  
When she was a Queen on her throne.  
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised  
By the four letter words when used all alone.  
Let your morals be loose as an alderman's vest  
As long as the language you use is obscure  
Today not the ACT, but the WORD is the test  
Of the vulgar, the obscene, the impure.(1)



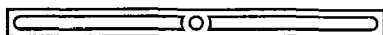
## THE RAVEN MANIAC

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
When of smoking I was weary,  
And had drank my pint of whiskey,  
And was wishing there was more;  
Suddenly there came a tapping,  
Sounded like a female rapping,  
Rapping like the very devil,  
Just outside my chamber door.  
'Tis some chippy that's a' wishing  
To my room to gain admission,  
Well, I'll rise and let her enter,  
Even though she be a whore,  
Let her enter, nothing more.

So I opened wide the portal,  
And there stood such a mortal,  
That in all my wildest fancies,  
I had never seen before;  
She had lost her upper garments,  
And of all seductive varmint,  
She surely was the warmest baby,  
That mortal woman ever bore;  
And each palpitating bubbie,  
Was so smooth, so round and chubbie,  
That my spirits rose within me,  
As I closed my chamber door,  
Just my spirits, nothing more.

Oh! distinctly I remember,  
'Twas the thirteenth of November,  
'Twas the fourteenth when she left me,  
When our little dream was o'er;  
But more clearly I remember,  
The nineteenth of November,  
Six days later, and she said  
The blood was just her Hymen's gore,  
Only blood, and nothing more.

All that's left of what passed between us,  
Is one poor infected penis  
Drooping, sad and penitent,  
And very VERY sore;  
And that penis-never skipping  
Still is dripping -STILL IS DRIPPING,  
Morning, afternoon, and evening,  
Dripping on the bathroom floor,  
And I utter vows forgotten,  
Every time I change the cotton,  
No more rapping, no more tapping  
Not for Uncle, NEVERMORE.



#### DER NITE B-4 XMAS

Der next nite vas Christmas, der nite it vas shtill.  
Der stockings ve hung by der chimney to fill.  
Nodding vas shtirring at all in der house,  
For fear dat St. Nicholas vas nix kum heraus.  
Der children var tired und gone to der bed,  
Und mudder in her nightgown, and I on ahead  
Vas searching around in der kloset for toys.  
Ve crept around kviet not to raise any noise.  
Now mudder vas carrying all de toys in her gown,  
Showing her person from der vaist on down.  
Ven ve come near der crib of our poy,  
Our youngest und sveetest, our pride und our choy.  
He opened his eyes vide as he peeked from his cot,  
Und den he seen everyting his mudder has got.  
But he didn't even notice der toys in her lap,  
He chust asked, "Fer who is that little fur cap?"  
Und mudder, she said, "Hush," und she laugh mid delight,  
"I tink I give dot to your fadder tonight!"

## THE NIGHT OF THE KING'S CASTRATION

T'was the night of the King's castration,  
And all the counts and no accounts were there,  
When the ladies went a-rear for libation  
And there tossed they huge gobs of manure.

Then there came to the court one hight Daniel  
"You're a son-of-a-bitch," said the King,  
"You're a son-of-a-bitch," said Daniel—  
Calling Kings sons of sluts was common then.

But the King was mightily wroth,  
And flung his snot into his soup.  
Then ordering his minions brought,  
He had Daniel cast unto the lions.

Any man would have died of fright,  
But not Daniel, who strode forth boldly  
Grabbed a lion's left nut very tight  
And mightily squeezed for all he was worth.

Then the lion cried, "Ouch it tickles."  
"May I ask you what tickles?" said Daniel,  
And the lion said, "Testicles, my dear boy!"  
And laughed until he was dead.

On the next day the court assembled  
In the great amphitheater,  
And the King and court had gambled  
Many rupees of the realm.

Then the King missed his fair Queen,  
And he called for the Lord Chancellor.  
"Pray where is the Queen, thou old bean?  
She should have been at our party today."

Then the Lord High Chancellor responded,  
"She beshitteth herself in the crapper."  
"Is there plenty of bungwad suspended  
On the royal nail for her ass?"

"She hath four and twenty ream  
Of the finest tissue made."  
"Tis well, Sir, let none e'er dream  
That Royal ass ever touched a corn-cob."

And the king went to the locker  
Where his private crapper stood,  
And he shit three pounds of butter-  
And earned the name of King Dairyass.

At the end of his mighty crapping  
On the way to his dignified court,  
He looked down where the lions were scrapping  
And espied our Daniel alive.

"How's tricks in the hole?" said the King.  
"What hole," says Daniel. "Asshole," says the King.  
"Suck it," says Daniel. And the judge  
Declared that the drinks were on the King.

Once more the King asked for the Queen  
And a smart young prick spoke up,  
"She lies with the jester, Sire," he said,  
"And the biggest liar's a slut!"

The Queen came sweeping down the hall-  
"Greetings, Lord of the Sod," she said.  
"What sod do you mean?" cried the King.  
"Lord of the Sodomy." she said.

"And as for you," she added then,  
"You're not so much to me you see,  
For I could be king if I had to,"-  
"Two what?" he cried! And the Queen responded, "Balls!"

So then they had a foreskin race,  
Where length and trigger-speed both counted.  
"Daniel, come forth!" said the King with his face-  
And Daniel came fifth and lost the race!

## KING DARIUS

When we arrived, King Darius was up bright and early,  
For it was the day of the Royal Castration  
Of the Imperial Bull, whose nuts were to be amputated  
By the Most Royal Emasculator.  
After this impressive ceremony was over,  
The King exclaimed, "They are off!"  
And wandered forth into the courtyard, and watched  
His royal courtiers playfully throwing camel shit  
In each other's faces, which was rare sport in those days,  
And hard to get.

The next thing of importance was when Daniel appeared  
Upon the scene. "What Ho," cried the King.  
"Ass Hole!" replied Daniel. "Kiss it!" said the King,  
Thereby making a hit. "After you, you son of a bitch!"  
Screamed Daniel, scoring a point for the common people.  
Whereupon the King waxed exceedingly wroth,  
And ordered Daniel to be thrown into the lion's den,  
For it was no mean thing to call a King a son-of-a-bitch  
In those days.

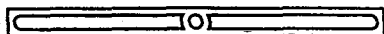
We now have Daniel in the Lion's den, the lions in the  
background.  
Daniel can be distinguished by the large green umbrella  
In his left hand, and the bible under his arm.  
Daniel then began to read the bible aloud,  
And the lions, after looking over his lean carcass  
And deciding that he would be damn poor picking at the  
best,  
And hardly worth the effort should they go  
To the trouble to kill him, all roll over and go to sleep.

Whereupon the King having observed this,  
Appeared before Daniel and said, "Daniel,  
Why hast thou angered me that I should throw thee  
In this hole?" "What hole?" said Daniel.  
"Ass Hole!" cried the King, and the drinks were on Daniel.

"Balls!" said the King.

And the King laughed because he had to,  
The Queen laughed because she wanted to,  
The Princess laughed because she'd like to,  
And the courtiers because it was damn good policy.  
All of the ladies of the court took out their tits  
And tittered as was the custom in those days,  
Whereupon the King waxed exceedingly merry  
And called upon Daniel to come forth  
But Daniel in his hasty exit slipped upon a turd,  
Fell into a tub of lion shit, and thereby came in sixth.

"Shit!" cried the King and forty thousand subjects  
Squatted and strained to the utmost, for in those days  
The King's word was Law. "While I have been confined,  
What has become of the Princess?" asked Daniel.  
"Fuck the Princess!" cried the King, and Daniel  
And forty others were killed in the mad rush.



## DARBY TOWN

There was an old goat in Darby Town,  
He had two horns of brass.  
One stuck out of his shoulder blade,  
And the other stuck out of his

Rinkle, dinkle, Darby Town,  
O maybe you think I lie;  
But ask the girls in Darby Town,  
They'll tell you the same as I.

There was a man in Darby Town  
His hair was awfully thick.  
And it took the girls a week to find  
The nob on the end of his

Rinkle. dinkle, Darby Town,  
O maybe you think I lie;  
But ask the girls of Darby Town  
They'll tell you the same as I.

## THE SWIMMERS

There was an old man at Brighton last year  
Whose hobby was swimming 'round government pier.  
He dove, and he swam clear out to the Rock  
And amused all the ladies by shaking his . . . .  
Fist at the copper who stood on the shore,  
The very same copper who had caught him before.  
They chased him in boats, but never could pass,  
For the dirty old scoundrel would show them his . . . .  
Wonderful manner of swimming so fine,  
His wonderful muscles, before and behind.  
This man had a sister at Brighton last year,  
Whose hobby was swimming 'round the very same pier.  
She dove like a frog, and swam like a duck,  
And showed by her motions she knew how to . . . .  
Frolic in water clear up to her chin  
And still not get drowned as many have been.  
Her suit of blue serge was the swellest of fits,  
And showed to advantage the swell of her . . . .  
Tidy contour from her head to her feet.  
'Twas just the right thing and exceedingly neat.  
When tired of swimming, for shells she would hunt,  
And go through the motions of washing her . . . .  
Clothes in the ocean so deep and so blue,  
Thinking thereby she would make them seem new.  
When finished with swimming, for shore she would start  
And enjoy the strange pleasure of letting a . . . .  
Fresh swell roll over her dainty pink toes,  
And wash out the sand from her nobody knows.

## THERE WAS AN OLD MAN

There was an old man sitting on the rocks,  
Watching little boys playing with their  
Agates and marbles in Springtime of yore;  
While over in the bushes they watched a fat  
Brunette young lady sitting in the grass;  
When she rolled over you could see her shapely  
Shoes and stockings that fit like a duck;  
She said she was learning a new way to  
Bring up her children and teach them to knit;  
As over in the bushes they were taking a  
Little companion down to the docks;  
There they said they would show him the length of their  
(You may think this is all bull-shit,  
But it isn't, by God!)



## THE HAMBURG SHOW

And in the next cage, we have the South American  
Llama who roams the wild mountain ranges  
Of the Andes, leaping from precipice  
To precipice and back to piss again.

And in the next cage we have the Javanese Baboon  
Who is so fat that every time he winks his eye  
He skins his prick. The ladies delight in throwing  
Sand in his eyes to watch him masturbate.

And in the next cage we have the Australian Ostrich  
Who when frightened, sticks his head  
Deep down into the desert sands, and farts—  
Hence the antipodal trade winds.

And in the next cage we have the spotted leopard  
Who has a spot for each day of the year.  
You ask, lady, what he does in leap year?  
Under his tail, madam, you will find the extra spot.

And in the next cage, we have the hippopotamus  
Who has a square asshole and eats mud.  
Every time he shits, he shits bricks,  
Hence the pyramids and Stanford University.

And in the next cage we have the elephant  
Who strangely enough, holds intercourse  
But once each hundred years; but when he do  
He DO! And how he does enjoy it!

And in the next cage we have the rhinoceros  
The wealthiest animal alive. His name comes from  
Rhino meaning money, and sore ass meaning piles—  
Hence piles of money. See his ass in the bank!

### Chorus:

For we're going to the animal show,  
See the monkeys and the wild kangaroo,  
And we'll all stick together in all kinds of weather  
For we're going to see the whole show through!

The portions of a woman which appeal to a man's depravity  
Are constructed with considerable care,  
And what appears to you and me to be a simple cavity  
Is really an elaborate affair.

Now doctors of distinction have examined these phenomena  
In a number of experimental dames  
And listed all the little things in feminine abdomina  
And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina, and the jolly perineum,  
And the hymen which is sometimes found in brides.  
And a lot of other gadgets which you'd love if you could  
see 'em,  
The clitoris and other things besides.

What a pity then it is, when we common people chatter  
Of the mysteries to which we have referred,  
That we use for such a delicate and complicated matter  
Such a very short and unattractive word.

## POOR OLD DICK

At the close of our existence, when we've climbed life's  
golden stairs,  
And the chilly winds of autumn rudely toss our silvery  
hairs;  
When we feel our manhood slipping, and we're up to life's  
last ditch,  
And we find our faithful Peter sleeping soundly at the  
switch;  
God Almighty ain't it awful! Don't it make you deathly  
sick  
When the painful fact confronts you that you've got a life-  
less dick?  
Ain't it sad for us to know when we take him on the streets  
That ne'er again will he wrestle with the pussies that he  
meets?  
That he ne'er again will bristle on a wet and windy day,  
When some maiden shows her stocking in that naughty  
funny way?  
O my poor old loyal kingpin, how my heart goes out to you,  
For I cannot but remember all the stunts you used to do.  
How I charmed the maids and maidens and the dashing  
widows too,  
How you had the whole crowd waiting for just a little piece  
of you.  
Don't you think that I've forgotten when each dear girl  
you tried.  
I could never make you quit her 'till she cried, "I'm  
satisfied!"  
Think you then that I'll forget you just because you're so  
dead,  
And because when I command you, you cannot raise your  
head?  
No indeed, my valiant comrade, naught shall rob you of  
your fame!  
Henceforth you'll be my pisser, and I'll love you just the  
same!

## FANNY'S POEM

I think that I shall ne'er adore  
A virgin lovely as a whore.  
A whore who takes my prick in tow,  
And wafts it gently to and fro.  
A whore whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against my titillating breast.  
A whore who does not dally 'round;  
But leads me straight to joys profound.  
She twists and turns my peckerhead—  
She makes me glad that I'm not dead!  
Why marry and tie up for life?  
Sixpence a night buys me a wife.  
She knows her craft, this smutty bitch;  
Knows how to make my stabber itch.  
She'll suck me off, devour my prick,  
Gulp down my sperm, however thick.  
She'd drink my piss. She'd eat my shit.  
She only asks I do my bit.  
Her cunt is trained in all the arts.  
I lick her ass — inhale her farts.  
And what a treat! What rare delight!  
To chew her snatch from morn till night.  
No robbin's nest within her hair;  
That is the carious vulture's lair.  
She looks at pricks and balls all day—  
This whore who asks such little pay.  
Upon her torrid bosom, snow  
Would melt — and in her asshole flow.  
Virgins are fucked by fools galore.  
It takes a MAN to fuck a whore!

## THE YOUNG STENOGRAPHER

I am a young stenographer, my age just past eighteen.  
Come listen while I tell you of some things I've done and  
seen.

My mother kept me close at home, and never let me out;  
Nor spoke one word of men or love or what it's all about.

I really thought I'd like to work for some young man of  
means;

So I started my adventures like an actress on the screens.

My first job was in Harlem, it really was a cinch,

I liked my boss extremely well till he gave my ass a pinch.

I then worked for a teacher where maps hung on the walls,  
But I got mad and left him when he made me feel his balls.

I then worked for a jeweler way down in Maiden Lane,  
He squeezed my tits so awfully hard they fairly ached with  
pain.

Some men were awfully rude to me, they'd stop me on the  
street,

And ask me if I had a place where they and I could meet.

A lawyer next employed me, he hadn't much to do;

He spent his time flirting, and asked me for a screw.

My fifth boss was a florist who dealt in seeds and plants;

I left him when he tried to get his hands inside my pants.

The next one talked so sweetly and constantly would beg

To let him slip his pecker up and down my leg.

At times I felt disgusted and thought I'd homeward go;

But still I hoped to find a boss who took things kind of slow.

I next took a position down on a steam-ship dock,

But left the second day because the boss showed me his  
cock.

An artist stopped me in the street and asked if I would  
pose.

He said my form enthralled him, I was fairer than a rose.

I asked him what I had to do, then told him I would try:

But warned him if he once got fresh I'd leave him on the fly.

I went to work next morning (it was posing in the nude),  
I'd hardly got my clothes off when he started to get rude.  
Forgotten was the picture he had much desired to paint,  
Out came his big stiff pecker, I thought that I would faint.

He tried to take me on his lap, and make me feel his tool;  
I gave his face an awful slap and said he was a fool.  
I really cannot understand why all men act so queer,  
Because no matter where I go they flirt and call me 'dear'.

I next worked for a preacher, a horny little runt,  
But left because he begged me to let him lick my cunt.  
I then at last decided to take things as they came,  
And if I lost another job, I'd have myself to blame.

I got a situation as a confidential clerk,  
And hardly had my hat off, when the boss began to work.  
He talked so kind and loving, persistently did beg,  
Until at last I let him put his hand upon my leg.

I let him frig me for a while, he stood upon a chair;  
Pulled up my skirt, took down my pants till ass and thigh  
were bare.

He looked me over lovingly, inspecting every inch;  
Then he pulled the hair around my cunt till he almost  
made me flinch

I will admit I didn't mind his playing with my hair,  
But all at once he touched my spot and set me off for fair.  
He didn't wait a minute, out came his prick all stiff,  
He said, "Now dearie, let me put this in your quiff."

He made me hold his pecker and stroke his hairy bag,  
Then he laid me on the sofa and stripped off every rag.  
He made me take off every stitch of clothes that I had on,  
Until I was as naked as the day I was born.

He kissed my lips and bobbies; his prick grew stiffer yet,  
He fingered all around my cunt till it was hot and wet.  
And then he got on top of me, with his legs he held me  
still,

His prick pressed against my belly till my cunt began to  
thrill.

When he had me all excited, and my pussy good and hot,  
He released his hold upon me though his prick still touched  
my spot.

He gently spread my legs apart, my tits he wildly sucked,  
Then shoved his cock into my cunt, and I was being fucked.

Our motions soon grew faster, at first they were quite slow.  
Then suddenly he clutched my ass, and we both began to  
flow.

I thought I was in Paradise, it felt supremely grand,  
I made him fuck me for an hour till his prick refused to  
stand.

Then we stopped our action, all out of breath were we,  
I rolled him over to one side, his wilted prick to see.  
He lay there getting rested, while I could hardly wait,  
I told him he must fuck some more, it felt so simply great.

His pecker had grown limber, he could not make it stand,  
So I sat him down beside me, and took it in my hand.  
*Its skin was soft and velvet, its touch thrilled me with  
bliss;*

I thought it was so lovely that I gave it a little kiss.

He said the kisses tickled, I gave it three or four,  
And then he shoved it in my mouth about an inch or more.  
I snuggled down beside him, my thing was by his face,  
Soon he was planting kisses upon my loving place.

The more I sucked his pecker, the more he tongued my  
quiff,  
He made my thing go off the while I made his thing grow  
stiff.

Then I could wait no longer, my cunt began to run,  
I must have it in me, and take another one.

So I sat astride him and placed his thing in mine,  
And rocked my body back and forth. The feeling was  
sublime.

I liked this even better than when he lay on me,  
For I could nearly move my ass from his belly to his knee.

At last he got me coming, while faster grew our play,  
And when at last we both went off, I fainted dead away.  
Each day I got my screwing from morning until night,  
Till I wore the boss completely out, and we nearly had a  
fight.

He said, "Dear little girlie, you surely like to screw,  
But it will simply ruin me, keeping up with you.  
You'd better find yourself another job, and I hope you'll  
find a boss

Who can keep it up forever, tho' I'll surely mourn my loss,"

I surely had the best of him, but the fault was not all mine.  
For he himself had taught me all I knew in the fucking  
line.

I couldn't help but pity him, tho' it made me awful blue,  
But I simply couldn't help it, I just had to screw and screw.

But then with what I'd learned from him I had no fear at  
all

But started out to find another job where another man  
would fall.

The next man to employ me was a lawyer and to view,  
A very handsome fellow, his age just twenty-two.

I thought he was ideal, and would ask me for a screw,  
But he never even hinted, I knew not what to do.

He didn't seem to know he had a pecker in his pants,  
He was so bashful, though I gave him every chance.

I bid him fix my garter, and tie my little shoe;  
What ever might encourage him I did my best to do.  
At last in desperation I leaned above his desk  
And let, as tho' by accident, a tit slip from my dress.

I didn't seem to notice there was anything amiss,  
And as he found it by his lips, he gave the tit a kiss.  
I put an arm around his neck, and said, "You darling boy!"  
Then I saw his prick rise in his pants which filled my heart  
with joy.

He was so very bashful I had to help along,  
And so I opened up his pants and took out his joy prong.



I looked, and when I saw it, it was so big and stiff,  
That I lay down and begged him to stick it in my quiff.  
He quickly jumped upon me, I, eager grabbed ahold,  
And he pushed it up into me till I felt my cunt unfold.

The motion of my ass began, he answered with the same.  
It wasn't long before our parts were hotter than a flame.  
I liked him even better than the boss I'd had before;  
His cock was long and stiff enough to appease most any  
whore.

At last I got him coming, we shoved in perfect time,  
I felt that nice sensation run up and down my spine.  
I never had a better fuck than that I got from him,  
It made me jerk my hands and feet like when I take a swim.  
It made my bobbies quiver, my tits he wildly sucked,  
My belly heaved like an ocean swell so grandly was I fucked.

I didn't want him to get off, with my legs I held him tight,  
I threw my legs around him till he couldn't even bite.  
He didn't seem to mind it, but shoved up closer still,  
And every time I shook my ass, he responded with a will.  
I'd work it a few minutes, then hold still a bit,  
Until his prick grew limber, then shove some more on it.

He thought I was an angel, I thrilled him so with bliss,  
He begged that I would marry him and always fuck like  
this.

I really could not turn him down, I liked his pecker hot.  
So we beat it to a parson, and were married on the spot.

We couldn't get home quick enough. When we did we went  
to bed,

I took off every stitch of clothes and said, "Now come  
ahead."

He threw himself upon me, his prick was hard and stiff,  
And all night long he jerked it within my ardent quiff.

My married life is happy, I always stay in bed,  
And when my husband joins me, I let him go right ahead.  
I'm holding down that same bed yet. I surely am in luck;  
I have no worries, no regrets, for all I do is fuck.

## THE STREET CLEANER'S DREAM

Yez can see me wid my little cart upon the street each day,  
A-cleanin' after harses, that's how I earn me pay.

I likes to sweep and clean and dodge about among the  
teams,

But when I gets to bed at night, I have such arful dreams.

I see harse-shit on the ceilin', and harse-shit on the floor,  
Harse-shit on the table, and harse-shit on the door,  
Harse-shit in the sugar bowl, and harse-shit on the chair,  
Harse-shit in me whiskers and harse-shit everywhere.

The best friends o' the cleaners is the little English sparrer,  
Sure an they eat more shit each day than would go into a  
barrer;

But yet in spite of all they eat and I cleans up with me  
broom,

In me dreams there's loads of harse-shit pilin' high in me  
room.

There's harse-shit in the water pail and likewise in the  
sink,

Shit in everything I eat and likewise in me drink,  
Harse-shit on the pilly-shams, and harse-shit in the bed  
An' sure sometimes I think, be-gob, there's harse-shit in  
me head.

Me wife says its the Nightmare that makes me act so bad,  
When I tears up all the bed-clothes an' screams an' acts  
like mad.

An' sure, this mornin', 'bout half past two, I nearly lost  
me head,

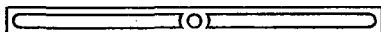
I dreamed the Nightmare had been there and shit all round  
the bed.

I saw harse-shit on the door-mat and harse-shit in the hall,  
Harse-shit in the kitchen stove, and harse-shit on the wall,  
Harse-shit in me punkin' pie, and on the windy-pane,

An' now the doctor tells me wife I've harse-shit on the  
brain.

An' now they're buildin' gas machines that never shit  
be-gob,  
An' soon the harses will be gone an' then I'll loose me job;  
But all things happen for the best, perhaps 'twill save me  
life,  
For now I'm crazed wid harse-shit an' its nearly killed me  
wife.

There's harse-shit in me pockets an' harse-shit in me sox,  
I tried to screw me wife an' I found harse-shit in her box,  
Me tool, the handle of a broom, but man I had a fit,  
When I found that my two bollocks were but gobs of harses'  
shit!



## PAUL REVERE

Listen my children and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;  
This Paul was a mighty man and strong,  
With a pecker fourteen inches long.  
Why, the damn thing hung down to his sock,  
Like the pendulum of an eight day clock.  
It was wrinkled and worn, but it stood the gaff,  
It had damn near split one dame in half.  
Came a night when Paul, in his cups with gin,  
Found his joy-prong throbbing beneath his chin.  
"What t' hell!" he cried, as he forced it down,  
"Now this means a midnight ride to town."  
So he cranked his Ford, while the pale moon grinned,  
Lept to the wheel, and away he spinned.  
While his lob-stick throbbed for a mouse's ear,  
And stood so high he couldn't see to steer.  
He hit the hills and dales on high  
With his mind fast set on a dead pig's eye.  
Till, with grinding brakes he at last hit town  
And raced hell-bent for Amelia Brown.

Now Amelia cradled the local cock  
In a crotch that was like a butcher's block;  
But she knew damn well when she lamped our Paul  
That big as she was she would need it all.

With a pig-like squeal and a thankful moan,  
Revere peeled down and shoved Steve home;  
While Amelia groaned like a bashful bride,  
And prayed he'd leave his balls outside.  
Well the bout progressed until early morn,  
When Amelia swore that her twat was torn,  
So Paul got off, just a bit uncertain,  
And swabbed Steve down with the parlor curtain.

As he reeled it into his B. V. D. 's  
The whole room reeked with the stench of cheese.  
Then he tucked four bits in the bureau drawer,  
Let a ripping fart and slammed the door.  
When Amelia tried to get out of bed  
She got one whiff, then ducked her head  
Beneath the sheets with a choking moan  
While Revere rolled down the road to home.

In about five days, or perhaps a week,  
Revere's dong beater sprang a leak,  
It hurt like hell, and Paul felt rotten  
As he wrapped it up in a bale of cotton.  
But weeks went by, still it didn't stop,  
And he soon had a corner on the cotton crop.  
His dripping tool was in the same boat  
As tonsillitis in a giraffe's throat.

But at last with the aid of a long bougee  
He enjoyed the pleasure of a painless pee.  
And he vowed on high as he tucked dick south  
That he'd ne'er more monkey with a black cat's  
mouth.

"Since gonorrhea treats a guy so rough,  
I'll stick to diving in a fresh young muff!"  
But if it tastes as salty as the one we tried,  
Revere won't want another midnight ride.

## THE GODS ON OLYMPUS

The Gods with their sweethearts were talking and laughing,  
In an elegant parlor high up in the sky.  
Ambrosial pleasures they freely were quaffing,  
And Venus sat smiling on Jupiter's thigh.  
Now Jupiter, proud god of lightning and thunder  
Of the mad pranks of Cupid was always the brunt,  
The dress of sweet Venus his hand he thrust under,  
And to her astonishment, he tickled her cunt.  
Such unseemly conduct the goddesses blamed  
And declared for such behaviour they never would stand.  
And poor Venus blushed and was really ashamed,  
For, to her surprize, she had spent in his hand.  
Then Mercury next showed a strong inclination  
And straightway he lifted a half dozen frocks;  
But everyone scorned his polite invitation  
Because they all knew the poor boy had the pox.  
Then Saturn to vent his strong passion was ready,  
But all swore he never should do it on tick,  
And Mercury, not having with him a penny,  
The doctor refused to examine his prick.  
Mars stole upon Juno and swore upon honor  
He would make it all right, there was nothing to fear,  
With his tallow-whacker he mounted upon her,  
And into her thrust the full length of his spear.  
Apollo his lyre now ceased he from playing,  
And into a nook the pretty Hebe he led,  
The god did not lose any time in delaying,  
But straightway the goddess he laid on the bed.  
Old Vulcan, the blacksmith, came in with a swagger,  
And swore at the fucking he would take his part,  
He instantly drew out his old tallow-whacker,  
And then let the most diabolical fart.  
This displeased the ladies, so Castor and Pollux,  
Cup-bearers to Jupiter, handsome and rich,  
Took hold of old Vulcan by breeches and ballocks  
And kicked out the dirty son of a bitch.

Minerva, now burning with love and desire,  
Though modesty prompted her virtue to lag,  
But being pressed onward by Cupid's hot fire,  
She stole up to Bacchus and asked for a shag.  
She offered to him her virginity's treasure,  
And into his breeches she thrust her fair hand,  
The Goddess of Wisdom was grieved beyond measure,  
To find him so drunk that his cock would not stand.



### THE BALLAD OF GAFFER HEPELTHWAITE

Far inland from the lighthouse where the angry tempests  
rage

Resides old Gaffer Hepelthwaite who drives the Essex  
stage,-

A man of many winters and so vigorous withal  
That coy spermatozoa still inhabit his left ball.

Alas for Gaffer Hepelthwaite! So virile was his stroke,  
So stern and stiff his penis like the mighty Essex oak,  
That never yet a maiden did confront his aged e'en  
Whose legs he did not yearn to part and place his prong  
between.

One day the Mayor of Essex town upon his good roan mare  
Came riding down the turnpike to enjoy the Autumn air,  
And with the great official rode his daughter Bess  
Whose passion for Fall atmosphere was but a trifle less.

Trot-trot! Along they cantered, quoth the Mayor, "Ecod,  
my lass,

They tell me Gaffer Hepelthwaite can still enjoy his ass."

"O pish!" exclaimed the damosel, and lustily laughed she,

"No fond octogenarian could ever diddle me!"

A rattle interrupted her, a clatter as of feet,  
The Essex stage swept into view, the Gaffer in his seat.  
"What ho!" the Mayor shouted, "Pause in your headlong  
flight,  
For here's a pretty argument only you can set aright."

They made him explanation, and without the least ado,  
This aged, snowy-headed wight his prick brought into  
view.

The damosel dismounted and Gaffer climbed on top,  
And proved the Mayor's contention till that worthy ordered,  
"Stop!"

"Stop, did you say, your worship?" said the gaffer 'tween  
his strokes,  
Administering to Bessie five final lusty pokes,  
"I pray you, noble gentleman, this order to rescind,  
For I find I'm just arriving at my famous second wind."

'Twas then that Gaffer Hepelthwaite, his penis in the air,  
Committed violent outrage on the gentle young roan mare,  
And finding that she wearied, next proceeded to engage  
The splendid span of animals connected with the stage.

'Twas twilight over Essex town; the damosel and her sire  
In the Mayor's habitation were preparing to retire.  
"What cheer, my lass?" the father quoth, and "Cheer  
enough," quoth she,  
"For I shall ride the Essex stage as long as stage there be."

## THE GROOVING OF DAN MCGREW

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up  
In one of those Yukon halls.  
The professor dismayed at the music he played  
Was slowly scratching his balls.  
A Klondike runt had his hand on the cunt  
Of the lady known as Lou,  
While down on the floor on top of a whore  
Lay dangerous Dan McGrew.  
Then out of the night that was black as a bitch,  
And into the din and smoke  
Stepped a shakey old prick just in from the creek  
With a rusty load in his poke.  
As he shouldered his way thru the flea-bitten crowd  
He clutched at the crotch of his pants.  
He looked like a chap with a dose of the clap,  
And the girls wouldn't take a chance.  
In his ragged clothes he stood ready to hose  
Any bitch that came his way.  
He dangled his dong, a horney old prong,  
And he howled that he wanted to play.  
His face was as red as a baboon's ass,  
And his balls were so hot that they burned.  
Then he lugged out his cock to display to the flock,  
And everyone's asshole squirmed.  
The lights went out, and I ducked to the floor  
As the stranger sprang in the dark.  
His aim was true, and the sparks they flew  
As his donnick found it's mark.  
With might and main, and a scream of pain  
A man's voice filled the room.  
With sighs and moans and farts and groans,  
Three forms lay stacked in the gloom.  
Then the lights went on, and the stranger rose  
With a satisfied look on his pan,  
For there on the floor with his ass all gore  
Lay poor old corn-holed Dan!



## THE BALLAD OF LADY LIL

Our Lil was a school teacher till she came out west,  
But she warn't a teacher long 'cause she liked fuckin' best.  
O Lil was the best our camp produced,  
And of all the gents what Lillian goosed,  
None had no such goosin', nor ever will,  
Since the Lord raked in our Lady Lil.  
We had a bet in our gambling town  
Thar warn't no geezer that could brown  
Lil to a finish any style -  
And no bloke ever made the trial  
'Cept Shorthorn Pete, the halfbreed galooot  
Who had wandered in from Scruggins' Chute.  
His takin' it up surprized us all,  
For Pete he warn't so big or tall,  
But when he yanked his tool out thar  
And laid it out across the bar,  
It stretched, I swar, from h'yar to thar,  
We allowed our Lil had met her fate,  
But thar warn't no backin' out that late.  
And so we arranged to have the mill  
Behind the whore-house on the hill,  
Where all the boys could get a seat  
To watch that half-breed brown his meat.  
Lil's start was like the gentle breeze  
That swayed the noddin' aspen trees.  
But when het up, she screwed for keeps  
And laid her victims out in heaps.  
She tried her twists and double biffs,  
And all the manoeuvres known to quiffs.  
But Pete war thar with every tack,  
And kept a-lettin' out more jack.

It made us cocksmen fairly sick  
To watch that half-breed shove in prick.  
She gave Short Pete a lively mill,  
And wore the grass off half the hill;  
'Till finally she missed a shot  
And Short Pete had her on the pot  
But she died game, just let me tell,  
She had her boots on when she fell,  
So what the hell, boys, what the hell!



## THE BALLAD OF HOOKSHOP KATE

Did you ever hear of the grewsome fate  
That befell the heroine Hookshop Kate?  
Though now she has passed to the Great Beyond  
She once was Queen of the demi-monde.  
She was not so handsome as good looks go,  
But when it came to jazzing that gal could go;  
And the one pet brag of Hookshop Kate  
Was that she never had met her mate.

When the gold stampede caused a restless mush  
Hookshop Kate got in the rush;  
She cast all civilized tools adrift,  
For she heard that cocks in the north froze stiff.  
And she figured that guys with frozen pep  
Would never have to watch their step,  
For conventional methods were out of date  
In a frigging match with Hookshop Kate.

She landed in Fairbanks one winter's night  
And issued her challenge to all in sight  
And all the miners who tested her power  
Were frigged to a whisper inside of an hour  
And the records show, before Spring came  
That every man in town was lame;  
For not one could travel the gait  
That was set by amorous Hookshop Kate.

With an air of contempt she sallied forth  
And bade farewell to the frozen north  
She headed straight for Hawaii's Isles  
Where men were decked in Nature's smiles  
Hoping in vain that the naked truth  
Would show her a man with pep and youth.  
But alas! she was doomed to the same sad fate  
For none was the equal of Hookshop Kate.

Then the Hawaiians placed her on a throne  
And crowned her Queen of the Frigging Zone  
Where she reigned supreme for two short years,  
But one morning her subjects found her in tears.  
When they asked the cause she only sighed  
And they knew that she longed to be satisfied.  
So they resolved to find her a mate  
Who could crimp the back of Hookshop Kate.

They inserted a luring sensuous ad  
In the Women's Monthly, and it had  
A very wondrous quick effect  
In bringing news of things erect:  
A bookseller came upon the scene  
And asked to be ushered in to the Queen  
For he claimed he knew of a potentate  
Who could outfrig great Hookshop Kate.

'Twas a sheep-herder from a distant Isle,  
Who never had been tempted by woman's wile;  
But had spent his life with his wandering flock,  
Developing by hand his phenomenal cock.  
'Twas a daily thing for him, they said,  
To frig sixty sheep ere he went to bed.  
When this happy data reached Hookshop Kate  
She sent for this sheepish potentate.

The bookseller found him flat on a rock  
Breaking coconuts with his muscular cock  
And he laughed up a sleeve as he placed a bet  
On the frigging that Hookshop Kate would get.  
He convinced the herder that frigging sheep  
Was an action base, profane, and cheap;  
As a bookseller will, he proved that fate  
Had called him to satisfy Hookshop Kate.

When they arrived at Hawaii's shore  
The town was bedecked as never before;  
And the band was playing to welcome them in,  
And all was in readiness to begin.  
The herder and the bookseller led the parade,  
Followed by virgins and Redlight Jade,  
And the whole procession marched in state  
To the very door of Hookshop Kate.

The fray was scheduled for ten o'clock.  
Meanwhile the sheep-herder tuned up his jock  
By trying it out on a dozen of dames,  
Who acknowledged that he was a bundle of flames.  
As the hour drew near the betting was great—  
The number of times would be marked on a slate—  
'Twas frig to a finish without a wait  
Much to the delight of Hooksoop Kate.

When the clock struck ten came a breathless pause—  
The sheep-herder entered 'mid great applause—  
In front his pants stuck out two feet  
In anticipation of one real treat;  
While in the chamber with curtains drawn  
Was Hookshop Kate just egging him on—  
Outside, the crowd decided to wait  
And see what would happen to Hookshop Kate.

Outside that night, the vigil was kept,  
And not a single eye had slept;  
And the moans and the groans, and the grunts inside  
Swayed the throng like an ebbing tide.  
They all left the marks of their butts behind,  
And not one dry spot could you find—  
But all sat tight to learn the fate  
Of her frigging highness Hookshop Kate.

Next morning the bookseller came with the key  
To decide what the herder's fate should be.  
He found the slate as he felt in the dark—  
Passed it out to the crowd to examine the mark.  
They counted a hundred and sixty or more.  
Then the bookseller threw wide open the door.  
When the lights went on, to their surprise  
This is the sight that met their eyes:

With a happy smile, propped up in bed,  
The famous Hookshop Kate was dead.  
While under the bed the sheep-herder guy  
Jacked off at the post without batting an eye:  
And he murmured, at each violent jerk,  
And in intervals between each squirt,  
“All your Hookshop cunt you can keep  
If you'll hurry me back to my lovely sheep.”

## THE KAHN OF KUSPIDOR

In India, in royal state  
Dwelt an illustrious potentate.  
When he would pass, the throngs would roar,  
"Behold the Kahn of Kuspidor!"  
With mighty chest and skin of yellow,  
He was a most imposing fellow;  
And when in his regalia dressed,  
Diamonds and rubies spanned his chest.  
To care for his domestic duties,  
He kept a thousand brunette beauties,  
Who swarmed around his royal knees  
Living a life of royal ease.  
It kept his massive bollocks busy  
Running the gamut from Maud to Lizzie.  
And when he took his royal pleasure  
The juice would fill a gallon measure.  
The mass of hard-on that he carried  
He'd plunge in every puss he married,  
Or, to the horror of his harem,  
He'd wave it at 'em just to scare 'em.  
Tho' strong and valorous in his might  
The Kahn would rather fuck than fight.  
His dames acclaimed with one accord,  
"The prick is mightier than the sword!"  
Each night the Kahn would hit his bed  
He'd have a fresh-trapped maidenhead,  
Which, after fondling with his finger,  
He'd finish with his hairy stinger.  
No dusky damsel dodged his wiles:  
He could smell a cunt a thousand miles.  
Sometimes the Kahn would play the fool  
And let a lady lip his tool,  
"But after all," he used to say,  
"I like the good old fashioned way."

As time went on, the story said,  
That rebellion reared its horrid head:  
And all of the people to a man.  
Went out one night and rushed the Kahn.  
And now those people bow no more  
Unto the Kahn of Kuspidor.  
'Tis said he's way down deep in Hades  
Running his red-hot tool in ladies



## CHRISTMAS IN THE WORKHOUSE

'Twas Christmas in the workhouse  
The best day of the year;  
And the paupers all were happy  
For their guts were full of beer.

The master of the workhouse  
Strode thru those dismal halls  
And wished them Merry Christmas  
And the paupers answered, "Balls!"

This made the master angry  
And he swore by all the Gods,  
They'd have no Christmas pudding,  
The lousy lot of sods.

Up sprang a war-scarred vet'ran  
Who had stormed the Khyber Pass  
"We don't want your Christmas pudding,  
Shove it up your fucking ass!"

## LYDIA PINKHAM

Have you ever heard of Lydia Pinkham  
And her compound so refined,  
It turns pricks to flowing fountains  
And makes cunts grow on behind.

Widow Brown, she had no children,  
Though she loved them very dear,  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
    Some Vegetable Compound,  
And now she has them twice a year.

Willie Smith had peritonitis,  
And he couldn't piss at all  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled,  
    Some Vegetable Compound,  
And now he's a human waterfall.

Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys;  
Poor old lady couldn't pee,  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
    Some Vegetable Compound,  
And now they pipe her to the sea.

Geraldine had no breastworks,  
And she couldn't fill her blouse,  
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled  
    Some Vegetable Compound,  
And now they milk her with the cows.

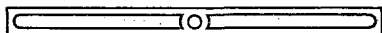
Arthur White had been castrated,  
And had not a single nut,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled  
    Some Vegetable Compound,  
And now they hang all 'round his but.

Walter Black was a bearded lady,  
And his pecker wouldn't peck,  
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled  
    Some Vegetable Compound,  
Now it's as long as a gy-raff's neck.



Chorus:

Then we'll sing, we'll sing,  
We'll sing of Lydia Pinkham,  
Saviour of the human race,  
How she makes, she bottles,  
And sells her Vegetable Compound,  
While the papers publish her face.



FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers:  
Goodness, Oh God, how they'd love!  
Swore to be true to each other,  
True as the stars above.  
For he was her man, but he done her wrong.  
Frankie was a good girl  
Most everyone knows  
She gave a hundred dollars  
To Johnnie for a suit of clothes,  
'Cause he was her man, but he done her wrong!  
Frankie worked in a crib joint,  
A place that's got two doors.  
Gave all her money to Johnnie,  
Who spent it on parlor-house whores.  
God damn his soul, he done her wrong.  
Frankie was a fucky hussy,  
That's what the pricks all said—  
And they kept her so damn busy,  
She could never get out of her bed.  
But he done her wrong, God damn his soul!

Frankie hung a sign on her door,

"No more fish for sale."

Then she went looking for Johnnie

To give him a piece of her tail.

He was a-doing her wrong, God damn his soul!

Frankie went down to Fourth Street

To get a glass of bock beer;

Said to the man called bar-tender,

"Has my lover Johnnie been here?"

God damn his soul, he's a-doing me wrong."

"I couldn't tell you no story

I couldn't tell you no lie,

I saw your Johnnie an hour ago

With a coon called Nellie Bly

God damn his soul, he's a-doing you wrong."

Frankie ran back to the crib joint.

Took the cloth off the bed

Took out a bindle of coke

And snuffed it right up in her head;

God damn his soul, he was a-doing her wrong.

Then she put on her red kimona,

This time it wasn't for fun;

'Cause right in the left front pocket

Was a great big forty-four gun.

She went a-hunting her man who was a-doing her wrong.

She ran along Fish Alley,

And looked in a window high,

And she saw her loving Johnnie

Finger-fucking old Nellie Bly.

He was a-doing her wrong, God damn his soul.

Frankie went down to the hop-joint

And she rang the hop-joint bell:

"Stand back you pimps and whores,

Or I'll blow you straight to hell

I'm a-hunting my man who's a-doing me wrong!"

Frankie ran up the stairway.  
Johnnie hollered, "O please don't shoot!"  
But Frankie raised the forty-four  
And five times went root-ti-toot.  
She shot her man 'cause he done her wrong.  
"Turn me over, Frankie,  
Turn me over slow;  
A bullet got me in my right side,  
Oh, God, it hurts me so!  
You've killed your man who done you wrong."  
Then came the scene in the courthouse;  
Frankie said, bold as brass,  
"Judge, I didn't shoot him in the third degree,  
I shot him in his big fat ass;  
'Cause he was my man, and was a-doing me wrong!"  
Bring out your rubber-tired hearse,  
Bring out your rubber-tired hacks.  
Hearse to take Johnny to the cemetery;  
Hacks to bring all the whores on back;  
For he's dead and gone, 'cause he done her wrong.  
They brought a rubber-tired hearse,  
And brought out the rubber-tired hacks:  
Thirteen pimps went to the cemetery  
But only twelve came back.  
He's dead and gone, he was a-doing her wrong.  
The sargeant said to Frankie,  
"It may be all for the best,  
He was always a-chasing those parlor-house whores,  
He sure was an awful pest;  
Now he's dead and gone; he was a-doing you wrong!"  
Three little pieces of crepe  
Hanging on the crib-joint door  
Signifies that Johnnie  
Will never be a pimp anymore.  
God damn his soul! He done her wrong!

## YANKEE DOODLE

Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Cap'n Goodwin,  
And there we saw the whores and pimps  
As thick as hasty puddin'.

And there we saw a thousand men  
As rich as Squire David;  
The cocks they wasted every day  
I wish they could be saved.

The cunts they use up every day  
Would make a whore-house rich;  
They have so many that, I'll be bound,  
They use 'em when they're mind ter.

And there I see a private's gun  
Large as a bullock's pintle,  
So deuced large it was he'd run  
It into father's cattle.

And every time he shot it off,  
So strong the force it spent,  
The cows they couldn't stand the shock,  
And away like hell they went.

I went as nigh to them myself  
As one would dare to venture,  
And father went as nigh again,  
I thought his hard was on him.

Cousin Simon grew so nervous,  
I thought he'd masturbate it,  
It worked me so I jacked it off  
Behind a fat old strumpet.

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,  
With a dose of clap upon't,  
And he kept rubbing medicaments  
Upon the ruddied top o'it.

And there I see a hookshop jane  
As big as mother's servant,  
And every time they stuck it in her  
Her yells were most elatant.

And there they frigged away like fun  
And played their cock-a-diddles,  
And some had pricks as red as blood  
All hung about their middles.

The troopers they would gallop up  
And fart right in our faces.  
It scared me almost half to death  
To see such farty faces.

I seen a little pussy there  
All haired against the weather;  
They pumped between its scarlet lips  
A mighty big bananer.

And there was Cap'n Washington  
With gentle whores about him;  
They say his cock's so'tarnal proud  
He cannot ride without 'em.

All this scared me so I run off,  
Nor stopped as I remember,  
Nor turned about till I got home  
Locked up in mother's chamber.

#### Chorus:

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Mind the action and the pep,  
And with the girls be handy!

## MISCELLANEOUS VERSES AND FRAGMENTS

Extensive and painful researches  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall  
Have conclusively shown that the hedgehog  
Can scarcely be buggered at all.

In the course of these painful researches  
At Harvard and Princeton and Yale  
They found that the ass of the hedgehog  
Could be spiked with a ten penny nail.

Further extensive researches  
Have incontrovertibly shown  
That comparative safety at Harvard  
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

---

O Harvard is run by Princeton,  
And Princeton is run by Yale,  
And Yale is run by Vassar,  
And Vassar's run by tail;  
But Stanford's run by stud-horse juice,  
They say it's made by hand,  
It's the home of clap and syph,  
It's the asshole of the land!

---

O they don't get any tail up at Yale, up at Yale!  
O they don't get any tail up at Yale, up at Yale!  
They were built for fornication  
But they practice masturbation,  
O it's awful God damnation  
Up at Yale!

Come all you loyal bastards now, you sons of bitches too,  
And lift your farts and cunt-rags for the royal fuck and screw.  
Old Harvard has her pansies, Cornell her P.I.'s too,  
But for old Pennsylvania we'll screw and screw and screw!

---

We are from Vassar, from Vassar are we  
We never lose our virginity.  
For every evening when we go to bed  
We raise the sheets up over our head,  
There is no scandal, for we use a candle  
Hurrah girls for old Vassar! Balls! Balls! Balls!

---

Root-a-dee-toot. Root-a-dee-toot  
We are the girls of the Institute!  
All night long we prostitute.  
Not there, not there, not there,  
Faster, faster, faster,  
Vassar, Vassar, Vassar,  
I'm coming! I'm coming! I'm coming!  
Bang! Pay up!

---

From twenty to thirty, if a man's living right.  
It's once each morning, and twice each night.  
From thirty to forty if he's still living right,  
It's missing a morning and maybe a night.  
From forty to fifty it's now and then.  
From fifty to sixty it's God know when.  
From sixty to seventy, if he's still inclined  
Don't be perturbed, girls, it's only his mind!

---

Man on top of woman hasn't long to stay --  
His head is full of business, his ass is full of play;  
He goes in like a lion, and comes out like a lamb;  
Buttons up his pants, and doesn't give a damn.

A fart is apt, so says the tale,  
If barred of passage by the tail  
To fly back to the head again,  
And, by it's fumes, disturb the brain.  
Thus gunpowder, confined, you know, sir,  
Grows stronger as 'tis rammed the closer;  
But if in open air it fires,  
In harmless smoke its force expires.

---

Where'ere you be let farts go free,  
For the lack of a fart was the death of me. •  
( Old Epitaph )

---

A sigh is but a breath of wind  
Coming from the heart.  
But when it takes a downward course  
It's commonly called a fart.

---

I loved her in my heart,  
I loved her in my liver.  
If I had her up my ass,  
I'd shit her in the river.

---

The teacher and Willie were studying stars.  
The teacher says to Willie: "Have you ever seen Mars?"  
Willie replied in accent cute:  
"No I never seen Maw's, but Par's got a beaut'."

---

The rich man uses vaseline,  
The poor man uses lard,  
The nigger uses axle grease  
But he gets it twice as hard!



They were a-drifting on the river,  
They were seated in the stern,  
And she had her hand on hizzen,  
And hizzen was on her'n.

---

Mary had a little watch  
She swallowed it one day;  
And now she's taking cascarets  
To pass the time away.

But as the time went on and on,  
The watch refused to pass.  
So if you want to see what time it is  
Just look up Mary's ass!

---

Mary had a little lamb,  
She tied it to a heater  
And every time he turned around  
He burned his little peter.

---

O two and two make four  
And four and five make nine;  
I'll put my hand on yours,  
You put your hand on mine.

O two and two make four  
And four and five make nine;  
I know the length of yours,  
Do you know the depth of mine?

---

I never slept with Nellie,  
She never slept with me,  
The baby was born on Easter morn,  
But they placed the blame on me.

I never slept with Nellie,  
She never slept with me,  
So how in the hell can anyone tell  
That the baby belonged to me.

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I would be,  
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee  
Fuck you, fuck you, for curiosity,  
To fight for cunt, for cunt, for dear old counterie!

---

Here lies the amorous Fanny Hicks  
The scabbard of ten thousand pricks,  
And if you wish to do her honor,  
Pull out your cock and piss upon her.

---

Down among the sheltering palms  
I took my girl one day.  
'Twas in the month of May.  
I gently laid her on the grass  
And she began to wriggle her ass  
While the bees were humin', humin', humin',  
I said, "I'm comin', comin', comin'."  
And she wrapped her legs around me  
Saying, "O Honey wait for me!"

---

This is a story of woeful Dick,  
Whose life was cursed with a spiral prick.  
He spent his days in endless hunt  
To find a girl with a spiral cunt.  
But when he found her, he near dropped dead  
For the God damn thing had a left hand thread!

---

O my name is Jim Taylor, my dong is a whaler  
And my balls weigh ninety-nine pounds.  
And when I fuck Anna, I fuck her, God damn her,  
I drive her ass in the ground.  
O, if any young lady would like a fine baby  
Just tell her Jim Taylor's in town!

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying;  
And the pecker which is stiff today  
Tomorrow will be dying.

---

O she ripped and she tore  
And she shit on the floor,  
Then she wiped her ass on the knob of the door.  
The moon shown down on the nipple of her tit  
And she washed her teeth with bluebird shit!

---

O she ripped and she ranted  
And she rolled on the floor,  
And the wind from her ass blew the cat out the door.  
O the moonlight shown on the nipple of her tit,  
And she washed her face in bluebird shit!

---

A nice brown dog, as sound as a ring,  
He will be eight years old if he lives till Spring.  
He will piss on the carpet, shit on your grass.  
He has three white feet, and a hole in his ass.  
His eyes bulge out, and his cock caves in,  
But he's a damn fine dog for the shape he's in!

---

O the cat couldn't kitten  
And the dog couldn't pup,  
And the old man couldn't get his rhubarb up.  
Though he pushed and he pulled, and he rubbed it  
with lard,  
The gosh darn thing just wouldn't get hard!

The old maid sat by the fire  
The old Tom Cat sat by her.  
There was no one to see  
But Tommy and she,  
So she raised up her skirt a little higher.

The old Tom Cat took a look't  
For a rat or a mouse he mistook it.  
He made one spring  
At the old maid's thing,  
And good God Almighty  
How he shook it!

---

Violate me in violet time  
In the vilest way you know!  
Ruin me, ravish me, utterly lavish me,  
On me no mercy bestow!  
To the best things in life  
I am utterly oblivious,  
Give me a girl that is lewd and lascivious,  
And violate me in violet time  
In the vilest way that you know.

---

I'm in love with a handle bar mustache  
Under the nose of a villain.  
I can't forget that mustache  
For whom he kisses it's thrillin'.  
In a buggy he rustled my bustle,  
And I like a fool was willin'.  
When the little one came  
It was minus a name,  
All that I had was a handle bar mustache  
Under the nose of a villain!

## POPULAR TOASTS

Here's to the girl with pretty blue eyes  
Who wears red hose and has big thighs,  
She has no cock, but that ain't no sin,  
She has a nice little hole to put one in!

---

Here's to the girl with eyes of brown  
Who makes her living upside down,  
Fifteen cents is the regular price –  
Give her a quarter and she'll do it twice!

---

Here's to the crack that never heals,  
The more you rub it the better it feels;  
All the soap this side of hell  
Can't wash away that cod-fish smell!

---

The fleecy cloud may kiss the sky,  
The rose may kiss the butterfly,  
The sparkling wine may kiss the glass  
And you my friend – – – Farewell!

---

Here is to the birds and the bees, they do it.  
Here is to the flowers and trees, they do it.  
Here is to the how and when  
I know how, you say when.

---

Here is to the girl who does it the best,  
She does it better than all the rest.  
She does it standing, sitting, lying,  
If the bitch had wings she'd do it flying.

Here's to the men!

When I meet 'em, I like 'em,  
When I like 'em, I kiss 'em,  
When I kiss 'em, I love 'em,  
When I love 'em, I let 'em,  
When I let 'em, I lose 'em,  
God damn 'em!

---

A social glass and a social lass  
Go very well together  
But a social lass with a social ass  
I think a damn sight better.

---

Here's to the glass, and the lass, and the ass  
May we meet in all kinds of weather;  
We'll drink from the glass, and feel of the lass  
To make her ass feel better!

---

Here is to the girl who gives and forgives.  
And here is to the man who gets and forgets.  
But to hell with the girl who gives and yells,  
And damn the bastard who gets and tells.

---

Here is to the birds and the bees: they do it.  
Here is to the flowers and trees: they do it.  
If I didn't promise my mother I wouldn't, I'd do it.  
But I'll tell you what I'll do.  
I'll lie perfectly still, and let you do it.!

---

Here is to life.  
May I live as long as I want to.  
May I want to as long as I live.  
If I am asleep, and you want me, wake me.  
If I am awake, and I don't want to, make me.

## COMMENTARY

### Notes and Sources

The bible is full of "obscenities." If the ancient tongues were correctly translated, the book would be a shocker indeed, for it would then reveal that christianity has as its basic ingredients the phallic and sun-worshipping religions of Egypt and Babylon. Correctly translated, the bible is stripped of "divine" revelation, and were it available in this form we would be better able to understand the contradiction between the behavior of the christian and what he says.

Annie Besant once prepared a pamphlet entitled **IS THE BIBLE INDICTABLE?** In this pamphlet she referred in detail to over 150 chapters of the bible which by all the standards that had been used to judge her in her trial were as "indecent" as that given here, and she referred to the present-day jargonized version of the book at that!

(I am positive that the reader's opinion of me as a scholar and anthologist will not waver if at this point I omit selections from bawdy, piss-brained old Chaucer and tit-minded W. Shakespeare. Let us also forego the fuck-lusty Elizabethan dramatists as being of too little sociological interest, and too close to the readily available to merit place here, tho' I will miss, I admit, telling of the scalded fool who rolls under the skirts of an old woman, who asks him, "Are you under-peering, you baboon?", old Jove who bares his ivory podex to the breeze and makes the welkin ring, and all the joyful others.)

"The Holy Father" is taken from THE METAMORPHOSIS OF AJAX by Sir John Harington, that remarkable work which appeared in 1596, and describes the first indoor flush toilet. You recall, of course, that the invention dropped from sight during the long periwig era, and that even relatively recently Queen Victoria was reluctant to permit Albert to install the "re-discovered" invention in her palace because she could not get out of her mind the thought of what would be passing through the pipes behind the walls!

"Hygiene and Civilized Behavior begin in the Bowels, and end with the proper Disposal of Sewage." Reginald Reynolds truly says in his great book CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS (Doubleday & Co. N.Y. 1946, 326 pp.) The entire future of civilization on this earth is summed up in that one pregnant sentence, with the exception of the disposal of the human body itself, which should be chemically rendered and returned to the soil.

---

The Sonnets of Aretino some 19 in number are found in an illustrated book privately printed in London. They were translated by Oscar Wilde. The edition from which these two examples were taken was illustrated with reproductions lifted from the German edition. The verses are almost exclusively concerned with sodomy and its alleged delights, and the last one tells of a priest who when hung for his sins gets an erection, showing that the poet once witnessed a hanging, for it is well known that hanging does produce erection and ejaculation. (See MEDICO-LEGAL EXAMINATION OF THE ABUSES, ABBERATIONS, AND DEMENTIA OF THE GENITAL SENSE, by Dr. Jacobus X-, Charles Carrington, Paris, (1900), p.120).



The 17th and 18th Centuries, still rural, still friendly, produced numbers of saucy folk-songs. These simple, natural ballads are mostly too long and withal too replete with quaint classical allusions for inclusion here. But between heroics they often strike a lively key. From MERRY, FACETIOUS, AND WITTY SONGS AND BALLADS, Prior to the year 1800, (Privately printed, 1895, no pub. 280 pp.), I select a few lines from "Nash His Dildo" (p.18):

What shall I do to show myself a man?

It will not be, for ought that beauty can:

I kiss, I clip, I wink, I feel at will,

Yet he lies dead, not feeling good or ill.

"By Holy Dame (quoth she), and wilt not stand?

Now let me roll and rub it in my hand!

Perhaps the silly worm hath labored sore,

And worked so hard that it can do no more:

Which if it be, as I do greatly dread,

I wish ten thousand times that I were dead.

What ere it be, no means shall lack in me

That may avail for his recovery."

Which said, she took it up and rolled it on her thigh,

And looking down on it, did groan and sigh;

She handled it, and danced it up and down,

Not ceasing till she raised it from the swoone . . . .

And on p. 10 from "A Man's Yard", (about 1600):

Read me a riddle: what is this

You hold in your hand when you piss?

It is a kind of pleasing sting,

A pricking and a pleasing thing;

It is a stiff short fleshly pole

That's fit to stop a maiden's hole;

It is Venus' wanton staying wand,

That ne're had feet and yet can stand;

It is a pen with a hole in the top,

To write between her two-leaved book;

It is a thing both dumb and blind,

Yet narrow holes in dark can find;

It is a dwarf in height and length,

And yet a giant in his strength . . . . .

There is never a Lady in this land  
But that will take it in her hand;  
The fairest maid that ere took life  
For love of this became a wife;  
And every wench, by her own will.  
Would keep it in her quiver still.

And on p. 38 from "Madam be covered, why stand you bare?", (about 1650):

Spartan ladies some there be  
Which to their suitors naked stood,  
And you your bare breasts let us see,  
Which tells your hidden parts are good.  
Thus wanton Venus drew on Mars,  
A bare breast shows an open arse.

From "Underneath the Castle Wall", p. 207, (about 1709):

Underneath the castle wall the Queen of Love sat mourning,  
Tearing of her golden locks, her red rose, cheeks adorning;  
With her lily-white hand she smote her breasts,  
And said she was forsaken,  
With that the mountains they did skip,  
And the hills fell all a - quaking.  
Underneath the rotten hedge, the tinker's wife sat shiting,  
Tearing off a cabbage leaf, her shitten ass a-wiping;  
With her coal black hands she scratched her ass,  
And swore she was beshitten,  
With that the pedlers did all skip,  
And the fidlers fell a-spitting.

And finally, the real version of "Green grow the rashes"  
p. 261:

O wat ye ought o' fisher Meg,  
And how she trow'd the webster, O,  
She loot me see her carrot cunt,  
And sell'd it for a lobster, O.  
An' heard ye o' the coat o' arms,  
The Lyon brought our lady, O,  
The crest was couchant, sable cunt,  
The motto, "Ready, Ready," O.

## Chorus

Green grow the rashes, O,  
Green grow the rashes, O,  
The lassies they have wimble-bores,  
The widows they hae gashes, O,

---

“Strephon and Chloe” by Jonathan Swift, like the unpurgated version of GULLIVER’S TRAVELS, where Gulliver pisses on the fire in Lilliput, or is undressed and set astride the giant nurse’s nipple in a lewd toilet scene, has long been suppressed from the record. The poem is listed in an 86 page book in The Congressional Library called “Extracts Principally from the English Classics, showing that the Legal Suppression of M. Zola’s novels would logically involve the Bowdlerizing of some of the greatest works in English literature.” THE VIZETELLY MEMORANDUM as this pamphlet is also titled, lists salacious passages in so-called English classics from Shakespeare to Swineburne. The version of “Strephon and Chloe” here given has been taken from a first edition of Dean Swift’s works. I have modernized the old German “s”, and omitted most of the apostrophe “e’s” in the past tense of the verbs for easier reading. There are one or two other items by the gentle Dean which might be included. Here is the meat of them:

We hardly thunder thrice a year;  
The bolt discharged, the sky grown clear.  
But every sublunary dowdy,  
The more she scolds, the more she’s cloudy.  
Some critic may object perhaps  
That clouds are blamed for giving claps:  
But what alas! are claps ethereal  
Compared for mischief to venereal.

And:

The vermin only tease and pinch  
Their foes superior by an inch.  
So, naturalists observe, a flea  
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,  
And so proceed ad infinitum.

The former of the above selections is taken from a poem called "The Answer" (p.297); and the latter from "On Poetry" (p.269) found in the 1768 Subscription Edition of Swift's works by W. Bowyer et al. London.

---

"A Prologue" by Dr. Samuel Johnson comes from that inestimable Victorian magazine THE PEARL, January, 1880, p.23. It is undoubtedly the work of that dirty old man.

---

"The Cricket and the Crab-louse" is taken from a book called THE MERRY MUSES OF ROBERT BURNS, 119 pages, no publisher, no date, pp. 61-63. Many of the verses in the various editions of THE MERRY MUSES are spurious. In STORIES FROM THE FOLK - LORE OF RUSSIA by Rouskiya Zavetnuiya Shazki, (Charles Carrington, Paris, 1897, 255 pp.) on page 11 is found the story of "The Louse and the Flea" which goes:

A louse met a flea. "Where are you going?" "I am going to pass the night in a woman's slit." "And I am going into a woman's backside." They parted. The next day they met again. "Well how did you sleep?" asked the louse. "Oh don't talk about it. I was so frightened. A kind of bald head came to me and hunted me about. I jumped here and there, but he continued to pursue me. At last he spat on me and went away." "Well, gossip, there were two persons knocking about outside the hole I was in. I hid myself, and they continued to push about, but at last they went away."

IN FORBIDDEN BOOKS, NOTES AND GOSSIP ON TABOOED LITERATURE, by an old Bibliophile (Paris, 1902, 227 pp. no pub.) There is found this pertinent comment: (p. 181-2) "This is one of the shortest tales in the handsome volume, and not one of the funniest. But I quote it because I do not believe there exists a single known tongue on this earth, where the account of the night passed in a woman's vagina by some insect who is disturbed by the entry of the bald-headed (sometimes one-eyed) visitor is not told. How do these quips and obscene oddities travel from one language to another through generations and generations?"

At any event that will do for this topic.

---

"The Plenipotentiary", "Nae Hair On't" and "How Can I Keep My Maidenhead", also by Robert Burns are taken from a definitive book called THE MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA, (143 p. no pub. no date) which tells us that the Ms of Burn's songs of a ribald nature were taken from his wife under false pretences after his death, and that they were first printed about 1809. The volume contains about a hundred salty poems.

---

These verses "The Curious Wanton" and "The Larking Cull," are taken from a book called PRETTY LITTLE GAMES FOR YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN by Thomas Rowlandson, which is dated 1845, and marked "A few copies printed for the artist's friends." There are ten episodes, each described by a verse and accompanied by an appropriate illustration not found in the artist's published plates.

“To Rosalie” and “Enchantment” by Lord Bryon came to my attention ten years apart. The former I received in typescript from a girl editor of a college paper who had access to the secret books in the library. The second came to me in verbal form from an Oxford student who memorized it from a manuscript in one of the college libraries. In many ways the verses are comparable to passages in “Don Leon” and “Leon to Annabella” which length alone excludes from this anthology. “Don Leon” is Bryon’s praise of homosexuality, and forms part of the private journal supposed to have been entirely destroyed by Thomas Moore. I will give a sample:

Come Malthus, and, in Ciceronian prose,  
Tell how a rutting population grows,  
Until the produce of the soil is spent,  
And brats expire for want of aliment.  
Then call on god his mercies to dispense,  
And prune the mass by war and pestilence.  
Arm with your sophistry oppression’s hand,  
And interdict coition through the land.  
Poor fool! the ruddy milkmaid’s blooming cheek  
Can language stronger than your volumes speak.  
E’en in the cot, where pinching want assails,  
Love still finds time to tell his tender tales;  
Or else when ousted from his lawful bed,  
Resorts to grosser substitutes instead.

"Socratic Love" by Eugene Field was written and recited for The Papyrus Club of Boston in September, 1888. Like "The Fair Limousin" (which latter is also sometimes called "The French Crisis") it has appeared in typescript, and in cheap booklets containing just these verses along with perhaps "In Imitation Of Robert Herrick On Julia Unlacing Herself" and "Little Willie," (or "When Willie Wet The Bed," as it is sometimes called). These four poems are all that survive of Field's contribution to our folk poetry besides a few little pieces like:

David with a single stone the great Goliath slew,  
But when he fucked Uriah's wife he found he needed two.

And his "Parody On The Old Oaken Bucket," which ends up:

You may sing as you please of the old-fashioned bucket  
That hung or that swung in the moss-girdled well,  
But give me a strumpet with leisure to fuck it  
Like the old-fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.

Field was always a terrific funster. His smutty little book ONLY A BOY is a rare item, a privately printed piece of pornography which Field once placed before each plate at a writer's dinner given by Scribners.

"Socratic Love" has always reminded me of a succinct little verse which goes:

The boy stood on the burning deck  
His back against the mast.  
He said, "I'm going to stay this way  
Till Oscar Wilde is past."

But Oscar was a wily fellow,  
And threw the boy a plum,  
And when he stooped to pick it up  
The dirty deed was done.

"The Wanton Lass" is an example of Victorian poetry selected from the numerous rather rugged verses found in THE PEARL, a lecherous magazine issued in 1880. This poem is from the January issue, p.26.

---

"On a Fart" is from pp. 83-84 of that remarkable book AN ESSAY ON WIND, with anecdotes of eminent pe-tours (no pub. no date, 109 p.). A verse given on the title page goes, sensibly enough:

Perhaps such Writing ought to be confin'd  
In mere good breeding like unsav'ry Wind.  
Were reading forced, I should be apt to think  
Men might no more write scurvily than stink;  
But 'tis your choice, whether you'll read or no.  
If, likewise, of your smelling it were so,  
I'd Fart just as I write, for my own Ease:  
Nor should you be concern'd, unless you please.

---

"Into The Bargain" is an apocryphal piece of English origin describing a situation most young boys experience at one time or another when they become curious about the opposite sex.

---

"The Youngest Child" and "A Little Piece Of Whang" represent verses which do not particularly appeal to this anthologist, but I am forced to include them because I have seen them in so many versions, and in so many places. To omit them would be to allow my own taste to influence unduly the material in this record. Whang is an interesting word. It undoubtedly comes into our language from the Chinese word for phallus, kwhang, tho' there is obviously some root relationship with the Indian word lingam.



"The Jolly Tinker" is a popular American folk song, and exists in many versions besides the one given here.

A slight variant, of which I recall a fragment, goes:

There was a jolly tinker who hailed from sunny France.  
He came over to this country just to sing and screw and  
dance.

One night the king came home from the high and royal  
ball,

And found the jolly tinker urinating in the hall.

Said the tinker to the Queen, "Have you any pots to  
mend,

Or any other little holes that a tinker might attend?"

### Chorus

With his long John tiddlecracker,  
Overgrown tiddlewhacker  
Great big baby fetcher,  
Down below his knees.

---

"The Pioneers", "In Mobile", "Christopher Columbo", "The Spanish Nobillio", "Ring-Dang-Doo", and "The Bastard King Of England" are all popular songs retained largely in the memory of what I have called modern troubadours. All are anonymous, and exist in various versions from those used here, with the exception of "The Bastard King Of England" which is attributed to Rudyard Kipling, and is supposed to have cost him the poet laureateship. It too, however, has several variants, usually looser versions than this one, with more metrical and riming irregularities. I regret that I am unable to reproduce the distinctive tunes to which these verses are sung.

There is also a long song similar to "Christopher Columbus" I would like to include, but I can recall only four verses;

O the good ship's name was Venus;  
The captain's name was Penis.  
The figure head a whore in bed,  
A pretty sight, by Jesus!

Little Roy the cabin boy  
Was a saucy little nipper.  
He filled his ass with broken glass  
And circumsized the skipper.

The captain's daughter Mabel  
They screwed when they were able.  
They pinned her tits, those dirty shits,  
Right to the captain's table.

The ship's first mate would masturbate  
With a sailor named Bill Morgan,  
And every day sweet tunes he'd play  
Upon his sexual organ.



"The Winnipeg Whore", in this version (others undoubtedly exist) appears from time out of mind, memory refreshed by a friend. I first sang it at a prominent boarding school where the sprightly young gentry kept many such songs alive as part of the old school tradition. The present version when sung, sometime closes with the sentence "Girl with a rag on, no good!" rendered to the cadence of "Shave and a haircut, two bits!"



"The Gathering of the Clans" is pure folk song, and this version is one obviously intended to be sung in best Scotch dialect, which I have not tried to reproduce.

"The Four Maids from Canada" is here given in memory's version as I used to sing it as an adolescent in a good church school.

---

"She was Poor but She was Honest" is sometimes titled "The Rhyme of the Poor Little Rich Girl," but I have preferred to use the first line. The present version comes from two renderings in my collection, both typescripts, and gives all the verses of the song I have ever heard. It is intended to be sung in full cockney accent which I have thought useless to try and reproduce.

---

"Ode to the Four Letter Words" was first called to my attention by a peroxide blond secretary who it developed had an ancient sideline to augment her income. The present version was given to me by a professor of a large college, on a mimeograph sheet. The poem is widely attributed to Ogden Nash. The secretary mentioned also contributed a raw item called "Blackberry Picking" which in typescript was making the rounds of her circle, but which does not have merit enough to be given here in full. Verse 5 (of 8 verses):

"His balls hung down to the crack in my ass  
While his cock routed round like a pig in the grass.  
On my titties his kisses fell harder than rain,  
Oh, what a joy it is to be lain!  
I threw both legs up and round his waist  
And guided his prong into the right place.  
What a glorious feeling when he opened my slit,  
I thought for a moment I was going to shit."

Such poems are amazingly prevalent in modern society, usually in typescript, and more often among office workers than others. In my own mind, I do not feel I am able to appraise them, but they are so ubiquitous they must represent some compensation by individuals for inhuman restrictions placed upon them by society. I blame law and custom, not the individual for such poems.

"The Raven Maniac", after Poe, is taken from a little 47 page pamphlet entitled ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN CLASSICS, collected by W. I. Dow, The Nautilus Society, London, 1913. The booklet includes "The Passing of the Back House" by James Whitcomb Riley, Mark Twain's "1601," and a version of "The French Crisis" by Eugene Field.

---

"Der Night B-4 Xmas" is included because it is typical of the thousands of verses which are making the rounds of our people printed singly on little cards, and passed from hand to hand across the country.

---

"King Darius" and "The Night of the King's Castration" are recitatives which I have heard in countless versions for many years. Usually one hears fragments from them. There are two more verses of this general type current among our people. One goes:

"Then came the day of the great farting contest  
For the championship of the realm.  
All the contestants were gathered in a small room  
Beside the main arena, with their intestines  
Filled with nuts, beans, and other fart-producing elements.  
First came the noble Knight, Sir Launcelot.  
He strode upon the stage, and farted once,  
He farted twice, ending with a shrill whistle,  
And was entered on the lists.  
Then came the noble Knight, Sir Galahad,  
He strode upon the stage, and farted once,  
He farted twice, he farted three times,  
Ending with a loud roar, and was entered on the lists.  
Next came the noble King,  
He strode upon the stage. He farted once, he farted twice,  
He farted three times, shit, and was disqualified."

The other verse in this puerile vein goes:

“Then came the night of the tournament  
For the satisfaction of the Queen.  
And all the contestants were gathered in a small room  
Beside the main arena, while the band played,  
And the people shouted, “God save the King!”

Then out strode the first contestant,  
Sir Launcelot, the noble Knight  
Stroked his penis rigid and erect,  
And placed upon it one cannon ball,  
And walked around the arena  
While the band played and the people shouted,  
“God save the King!”

Then came the noble Knight Sir Galahad,  
Strode into the arena, took down his pants  
Stroked his penis rigid and erect,  
And placed upon it two cannon balls,  
And walked around the arena while the band played  
And the people shouted, “God save the King!”

Next came the noble King,  
Strode into the arena, parted his royal gown,  
And stroked his penis rigid and erect  
And placed upon it THREE cannon balls  
And walked around the arena  
While the band played and the people shouted,  
“God save the Queen!”

These recitatives and their endless variants are so current among our modern schools and colleges that I feel they have some deep kinship with our spirits, evoking dark memories of long ago.

"Darby Town", "The Swimmers", and "There Was an Old Man" are types of popular poems which use the innuendo of the hinted rime of the four-letter word without actually using the word. "The Swimmers" is taken from THE GARDEN OF PRIAPUS, a decorated manuscript, edited by 'Mentula' for The Dorian Club, and dated 1919. "Darby Town" is only a fragment of a longer poem. I heard it first when only a child, but cannot recapture more verses now. Those given here were taken down while a merry friend sang them.

---

"The Hamburg Show" or "The Animal Fair" is sometimes sung, sometimes recited in animated rhyme like "King Darius". It comes in many versions and the present one is taken from IMMORTALIA. I do not have all the verses, and know of at least two that are missing, the one about the zebra, and the one about the elephant which pisses and floods the tent.

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"C-U-N-T" is a poem which comes to me in typescript from a forgotten source, and to the best of my knowledge has never appeared in print before. I have heard fragments of a sequel from Australia of all places. The word "cunt" has a root common to all spoken tongues from "Juno" on the west, to the Chinese word "jun" and the Indian word "yoni" in the east. In modern society it is a widely used synonym for a woman, and probably ranks next to "fuck" as one of the most frequently used words in the English language. I am not yet sure, however, if it was ever in good use in polite society like the word "fuck" used to be when the latter's root-connection with the idea of ploughing was better known, and our modesty was more sincere than it is today.

"Poor Old Dick" is found in manuscript as well as in printed form. It describes a folk problem about which men forlornly sing, and further manifestations of limpness are found in widely circulated items like:

When you grow old,  
And your balls grow cold,  
And the end of your prick turns blue,  
And you try to diddle,  
And it bends in the middle,  
Your through old boy, you're through!

And:

The Three Phases of Married Life:

1. Tri-weekly.
  2. Try-weekly.
  3. Try-weakly.
- 

"Fanny's Poem" is taken from pages 105-106 of the THE ETERNAL EVE one of the more vigorous books of the Victorian Era which says "From a mid-Victorian Manuscript" "The Duchess" (Unexpurgated Edition) Modernized and Revised. Copyright 1941 (sic). The book is just as rough a delight as the poem taken from it, but it does illustrate that we are more refined than our fathers and mothers.

---

"The Young Stenographer" has received wide circulation in abridged form, and one seldom sees all 75 of the couplets at one time. It is often written in quatrain form, but I have compressed it into couplets. The present version came from a city official, in the form of a manuscript, marked THE DORIAN CLUB MANUSCRIPTS, NUMBER 4, 1921. Most anthologies are distinguished more by what they omit than by what they include. This one is distinguished by my omission of another work somewhat in the vein of "The Young Stenographer", although its stanza form is somewhat more classical, as is its setting. It is called "The Eunuch's Dream", and also has 75 verses.

I will give only a little sample of it:

They would sport about the eunuch,  
Tickle him, and lift his tunic,  
But you cannot get a hard on  
When they take away your stones.  
With these beauties all around him,  
His limp penis would confound him,  
While he saw their passion wasted,  
And his chest would heave with groans.

The story concerns a eunuch who purchased a pair of balls from a magician and raised the devil in Omar's harem, till Omar's dog found the eunuch's magic testicles hidden under a stone in the garden and ate them, thus ending the poor man's holiday. These long modern folk ballads in the versions we get lack real polish, but they have wide circulation.

And speaking of the longer folk ballads, I might as well mention "The Whore's Lament," another poem I am not including, one of whose 15 verses goes like this:

It is a crime, a waste of time,  
To fuck a fellow for a dime.  
Not worth the wear and tear it takes,  
Don't pay for half the muss it makes.  
I've gathered clap and siff and gleat  
From fucking strangers off the street,  
The nigger pox and circus ticks  
I've had the chancres, crabs and lice,  
And had to take the treatment twice,  
They pumped me full of six-o-six.



"The Street Cleaner's Dream" came to me in manuscript form. It dates itself fairly well, and is one of the few verses where I have retained any dialect, as its success depends on the vernacular rendition. The manuscript is dated 1921.



“Paul Revere” is discovered in various manuscripts, and is interesting for some of the expressions it contains, several of which are today somewhat archaic. The poet’s use of the name Amelia puts me in mind of another similar folk verse I am leaving out, “Casey Jones”, the last verse of the poem’s seven verses goes:

Now Casey said just before he died:

“There’s two more women that I’d like to ride.”

The doctor asked: “Who may they be?”

And Casey said “Evelyn Nesbit and Beulah B.”

---

“The Gods on Olympus” was reprinted in London in 1890, and is said to be an old English Ballad. The main thing to note about it is the way the people like to picture their gods and rulers in human situations. The people as a rule have no recourse against law and official interference either by church or state in their individual affairs. Perhaps that is why their poems about kings and gods present them as infinitely fallible and human.

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“The Ballad of Gaffer Hepelthwaite” is lifted from that truly great and marvelous book IMMORTALIA, pages 3 - 4. IMMORTALIA records the only collection of real folk verse I have ever seen which in any way parallels the present one, though undoubtedly others do exist.

There are only two other volumes, outside of my own (THE LIMERICK, A FACET OF OUR CULTURE, and FOLK POEMS AND BALLADS - AN ANTHOLOGY - ) which make an accurate sociological contribution rivalling in importance the truth of IMMORTALIA and these are ANECDOTA AMERICANA, Volumes 1 and 2, (Humphrey Adams, Boston, 1928 and 1934). Each of these volumes contains 500 stories culled like these verses from social contacts among our people, and which are told in endless variants thousands of times each hour in different sections of the country. Here is No. 182 (p. 73) from Volume 1:

A youth of twenty came to a whorehouse once and asked the Madam to give him a girl who had a clap. In vain that lady protested no such girls were permitted in her establishment. The young man insisted that that was the only girl he would screw. She pressed him for the reason for his strange desire. "Well, you see", he said, "I want to get it. Then I'll go home and fuck the cook. She'll give it to the ice man, he'll give it to the maid, she'll pass it on to father, he'll give it to mother, and she'll give it to the new minister we've got. And that's the son-of-a-bitch I'm after!"

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"The Grooving of Dan McGrew" is included to companion "The Ballad of Lady Lil". Both have a real kinship with the other works of the Klondike poets and relate to a definite period in our social history when we looked to Alaska as the last frontier.

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"The Ballad of Lady Lil" and "The Ballad of Hookshop Kate" are great American classics, I have heard several versions of the former over the years, and only seen one version of "Hookshop Kate" which is consistent with all others I have found. "The Ballad of Hookshop Kate" is taken from a paper pamphlet of 16 pages entitled HOOKSHOP KATE, STARRING MAE WEST. Each verse is suitably illustrated, and I believe that the first copy I ever saw was one belonging to a workman at The Fairmount Glass Bottle Works in Indianapolis, of all places. In Nevada one time I witnessed a fucking bout, but not as spectacular a one as described in "Lady Lil". We left the mine, and walked some seven or eight miles to the nearest saloon,

a lonely desert shanty with a gas pump out in front, kept by an old woman and her daughter. There an argument ensued about whether an old miner could still get an erection, and bets were made. The old lady and miner in question repaired to a pile of rags by the pot-belly stove, and for about 45 minutes the old fellow did his best, with the old girl's help. But nothing happened, and he lost the bet. Thus among our people are found all the roots of their poetry given here.

The exaggeration of fucking feats is a trait common to all popular expressions like these. Due to false modesty and ignorance there are more misconceptions in the popular mind about matters sexual even than about matters of politics and war. There is an amazing book called LOVE AND SAFETY by the Empress of Asturia, published by The Erotica Biblion Society of London and New York (Liseux) without date, which were we as sensible as Eastern Peoples would see the same circulation here, together with THE HORN BOOK (A GIRL'S GUIDE TO A KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL) as do THE ANANGA RANGA and THE PERFUMED GARDEN in more healthy and tolerant lands. If other populations had the same percentage of insane and neurotic people as we do, they could not begin to segregate them, let alone house or care for them. I will quote from page 142 and following of LOVE AND SAFETY as here are found discussed matters about which our public seems much confused if we judge by expressions in their folk tales and poems:

"Again most women who have read many erotic books have the most exaggerated idea of what a man can do in the way of repeated fucking. In many such works you will find ridiculous ideas given of the size of men's pricks and the number of times they can use them; we read of pricks from nine to twelve inches long, and up to five inches in circumference, and such pricks spouting forth, apparently at will, 'floods' of boiling spunk to the number of eight or ten times in an afternoon and the same succeeding

night, and so on day after day. This is mere rubbish and twaddle. Men's pricks vary between six and half, and seven and half or eight inches in length. About one in a thousand is nine inches, and is invariably rather painful than otherwise to women, excepting those lusty widows of forty to fifty-five with cunts like horse collars, and who like Semiramis, the Assyrian Queen, could fuck with a stallion or, as some women, lust mad to be split and torn and filled, who have allowed a donkey to fuck them to death.

"I once knew a man with a prick eleven inches long and he told me that excepting a few such women as the above, he hurt every woman he touched, and many would not try him again. As to how much a man spends, we find the same exaggeration; in all the books men flood the quims they pierce, time after time, with apparently gallons of spunk, notably, in that otherwise good THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLEA, nothing dries them up, and the last turn is as juicy as the first. The truth of this is, that at the first fuck, men spend from a teaspoonful to a tablespoon, and it quickly diminishes with each successive frig or fuck till the fifth or sixth is generally a dry bob. Women on the contrary sometimes, but rarely, spend enormously, I have seen it shoot out in jets, and completely drench the sleeve of the arm that was frigging her. This is exceptional, but all sorts exist, from miserably dry cunts of the stupid prude, to the glorious spending, swimming quim of the full blown, and lascivious women of free passions. Then again as to the number of times; one in a thousand can manage 8 times a night after a rest, but they can not keep it up day after day. If a man doesn't have a women oftener than once a fort-night, he may manage five or six times, but the majority of ladies of experience will bear me out in saying that two or three times in two hours of an afternoon, or four or five in the night, are the usual limit of the run of men, and many a one, many a hundred even, not so often. It is safe to say that one woman can always take as much as two men can give her, and many could conquer five - - -"

I have included here "The Kahn of Kuspidor" from pp. 31 - 32 of IMMORTALIA mainly because it has a kinship with this verse, "The Battle Hymn of the 58th":

Eyes right! Assholes tight!  
Foreskins to the front!  
We're the boys that make the noise  
And we're always after cunt.  
We're the heroes of the night,  
And we'd sooner fuck than fight,  
We're all heroes, we're the foreskin fusileers!

---

"Christmas in the Workhouse" is meant to be recited in a cockney accent, and of course is a verse from England. There is a variant along the same line which goes:

'Twas Christmas in the Harem  
And the eunuchs all were there  
Watching the Sultan's daughters  
Combing their golden hair,  
When a voice resounded down the marble halls  
Echoing from wall to wall,  
"What do you want for Christmas?"  
And the eunuchs answered, "Balls!"

---

"Lydia Pinkham" is pure folk verse I heard so long ago I cannot recall it all now, and so have been forced to take the version found on p. 19 of IMMORTALIA.

"Frankie and Johnny" is a modern folk song seldom seen in its entirety in the genuine version given here. In this respect it is like "My Darling Clementine" and "Ab Dul-A-Bul-Bul-A-Mere." All three of these verses exist in so-called clean and dirty versions, and all are intended to be sung. I do not have the genuine versions of the two poems mentioned or I would give them.

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"Yankee Doodle" is an ancient folk song that dates back to the American Revolution. I am including a true version of it here lest we forget how frank and forthright our ancestors were.

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The miscellaneous verses, fragments, and popular toasts in the foregoing anthology have come from countless sources, from Humphrey Adams' ANECDOTA AMERICANA, from IMMORTALIA, from typescripts, from memory of pre-school, school, high school, and college days. All these shorter verses survive among our people with a truly remarkable vigour, but not all are accurate in point of fact. Take specifically the charming little quatrain about the nigger's penis getting twice as hard as a white man's. This is simply not true: the African pecker - - - - "is always rather soft, and feels to the hand like a strong elastic hollow tube of black india-rubber - - - - the erection is never (bone) hard like that of the European, the Chinese, and the Hindoo - - - -" (UNTRODDEN FIELDS OF ANTHROPOLOGY by Dr. Jacobus X. - - - -, Charles Carrington, Paris, 1898, 2nd Ed. (Revised) p. 284). Etc., Etc., Etc.

The widespread prevalence in our Modern Society of such Poems as are represented in this Anthology contrasts sharply with "official" intolerant attitudes towards such a Sociological Record as this Book. On this Contrast I must comment briefly, for therein, with advancing years, I can discern a Great Truth.

The Law has become infallible. The individual has lost his Freedom to the very Mechanism his forebears designed to protect it. The Law has come to represent Special or Minority Interests so exclusively that Modern Persecutions under the Law as administered by the State differ in no wise from earlier Persecutions under the Inquisition. There is no Redress for the "free" individual against the State. The Reader of this Book must realize that in many states mere possession of a Book (quite apart from mailing or shipping) which certain Judges might find "Obscene", "Lewd", or "Filthy" is regarded as a Criminal Offense. Other more sensible and tolerant Judges would see that the Roots of War and Social Discord lie in the clash of our True Nature with our False Social Customs, and that such a Record as this is absolutely necessary to leaven and to humanize the otherwise sterile and impotent records of our Culture.

Under the Law there can be no Justice when the Law depends for its Interpretation upon Human Beings who ARE fallible, and who can either defend or condemn Facts of Human Existence by the mere manipulation of meanings of pure abstractions like "Indecent", "Impure", and "Dirty". The Indecency of a Book undeniably lies in the mind of the Reader, and in his inability to integrate the Natural Components of his own Personality with their own Objective Reality and both of these with Man as falsely redefined by the Law.

Man's next Renaissance therefore – and his greatest – will not be from the confines of his own baser nature, as Professional Reformers and Bureaucrats would have us believe, but from the Mazes of the Law which now limit Human Activity on every hand, drive one to another country to prepare a Folk Study like this, and generally confound, obscure, harass, and plague the mind that would observe and study Man as he is. Only when Laws become based on observations of Man's True Nature will Freedom be restored to Man. Man's next great step forward will be to alter the Law to his Nature. Until this is done, the State supported duplicities of sex-censorship and neurotic prudery will continue to breed War, to fill vast institutions with the Unfit, and gradually terminate ALL Freedoms.

Only a new concept of Human Freedom to be born in the Hearts of Men can ever defend Human Beings against the Mighty Imperfections and the Infallibility of the State. I predict a Great Rebirth of Freedom for the Individual. Therefore, until Man's next and greatest Renaissance

HAIL!

AND

FAREWELL!



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